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FIFTY SONGS
ROBERT FRANZ

EDITED BY

WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP

FOR LOW VOICE

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FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT FRANZ

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ROBERT FRANZ

EDITED BY

WILLIAM FOSTER APTHORP

FOR LOW VOICE

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PREFACE

In preparing for this Album the introductory Monograph on Robert Franz, I have relied for facts upon his own letter to Franz Liszt (dated September 29, 1855) and Procházka's Biography. What I have allowed myself to say in the way of criticism is based more upon my own study of his works than upon the writings of earlier commentators. In compiling the here appended bibliography, I have had in view only Franz the song-composer, not the Franz who completed scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters.

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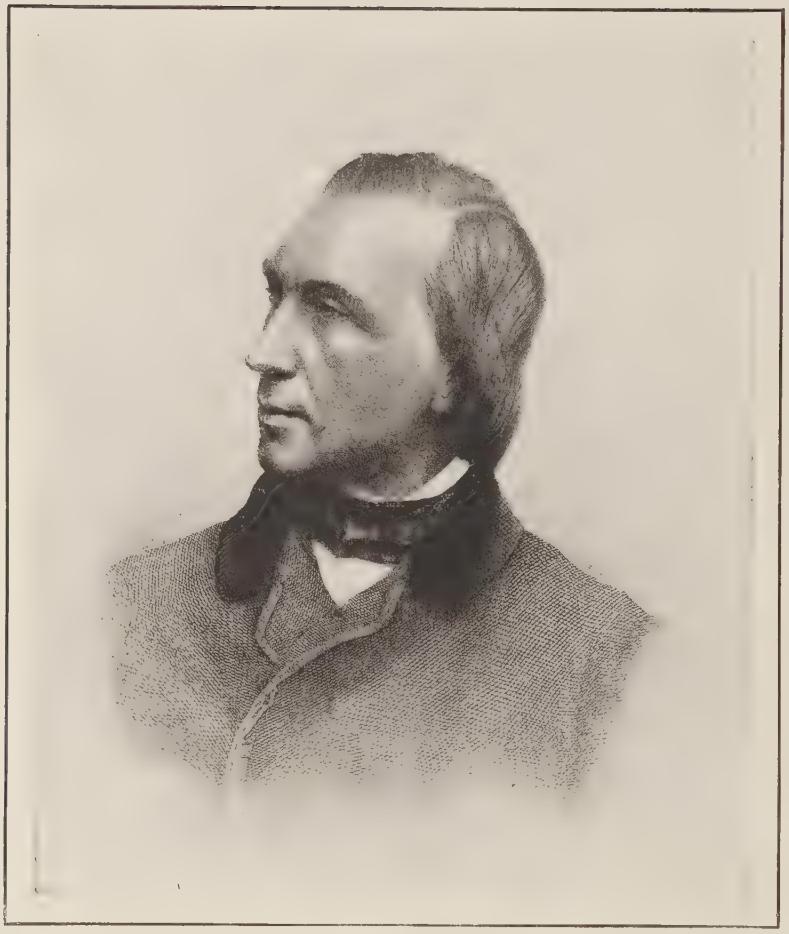
W. F. A.

Hingham, Mass., October 16, 1902.



Rob. Brauz.

ROBERT FRANZ

ROBERT FRANZ was born at Halle-on-the-Saale, Handel's birthplace, on June 28, 1815. The family surname was Knauth; but his father, Christoph Knauth, changed it to Franz for business reasons.[1] At what time this change was made is not now discoverable; but it probably antedated Robert's birth, for the latter once wrote to Otto Lessmann that he himself had never been known otherwise than as Robert Franz.

His fondness for music developed early. According to his own account, his first musical impression was hearing Luther's *Ein' feste Burg* played on four trombones from the church tower of his native town at the third centennial commemoration of the Reformation. His father, too, would now and then sing to him and the other children at home "all sorts of strange tunes, half in the choral, half in the arioso vein," decking out the simple church melodies, *more antiquo*, with many a vocal flourish. Regular church-going (his father was one of the pillars of the congregational singing) tended also to familiarize him with the Lutheran chorals.

Still his childhood and boyhood were passed amid surroundings mostly of the uncongenial sort; he found little sympathy with his musical bent. The atmosphere of his bringing-up was one of small-town tradition and bourgeois prejudice; his parents, like most of their kind, looked upon the fine arts with distrust, at best as elegant accomplishments for which people in their station of life could have but little time. There was, too, a deeply rooted prejudice against ambitious youngsters straying out of old family ruts; to be sure, there was nothing absolutely shocking in a young man's quitting the paternal shop or workbench for the civil service or one of the so-called "learned" professions; such a rise in the world could well excuse the irregularity. "But a trained professional musician had never gone forth from their old primeval stock; that was, once for all, contrary to proper pride and tradition."[2] In a word, the good people of Halle were much inclined to agree with the mother of another musician of genius, Hector Berlioz by name, in prizing "respectability before all else."

To help him hold his own amid these discouraging surroundings, young Franz had neither the subjugating flash of child-wonderdom in himself nor the romantic spur of tyrannical opposition from without. His direst intimate foes were the commonplace, and that home-anointed dulness with which gods themselves are said to fight in vain. The only sympathy he got was from his mother; and this seems to have been merely maternal rather than specifically artistic. But, when he was fourteen, his "unforgettable" mother did persuade his father to buy him an old *pantalon* (a sort of spinet), on which he forthwith began to try conclusions with the art of music on his own account. As he showed boundless good-will, and even some native ability, in this way, a teacher—naturally the "cheapest available"—was soon engaged for him. And now began a process of the pupil's outstripping teachers; in four years'

[1] *There had long been a quarrel between Christoph and an apparently over-tetchy brother of his: both were in the same business, each on his own account, and troubles arising from misdelivered letters proved too much for the brother's equanimity. So Christoph at last put an end to the difficulty by taking a new surname, and fraternal amity was restored. He did not, however, take any pains to legitimate his name of Franz until legally compelled to do so for Robert's marriage in* 1848.
The matter was a source of some vexation to the son; for, after he had come before the world as a song-composer, captious critics had their fling at him for his supposed arrogance in adopting a "pseudonym" compounded of the Christian names of his two greatest predecessors in that field: Robert *Schumann and* Franz *Schubert.* Sunt lachrymae rerum!

[2] *How about one George Frideric Handel, by the way?*

time he had used up every music-master in Halle. At the Waisenhaus-Gymnasium, where he went to school, he would get many a sound box on the ear for improvising "free seconds" to the chorals sung at music lessons, but was soon promoted to a recently formed advanced class in chorus singing, where he first made acquaintance with choruses by Handel, Haydn, and Mozart. He had already taken up organ-playing by himself, and with such success that it was not long before he was running from one church to another on Sundays, to "relieve the several organists on separate stanzas of chorals." With all this output of musical energy, his regular school studies were more and more neglected, and the home opposition to his bent threatened to reach an acute stage. Still it was rather of the pooh-poohing, sarcastic-incredulous sort than openly violent; his parents had not yet begun to fear the worst, there was no talk of his taking up music as a profession.

But this "worst" was at hand: matters were brought to a crisis by the nefarious and unheard-of example of two of his schoolmates, who got their parents to let them quit the Gymnasium and go to Friedrich Schneider's famous music school in Dessau. Here was a *pou sto* for young Franz! Aided and abetted by one Dr. Erich, preacher at the Ulrichskirche, he worked the lever of persuasion so effectively that his father at last consented to his following his two friends' example. He was now twenty.

His hard-earned freedom proved, however, to be one of the bitterest disappointments of his life. From Halle to Dessau was almost out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fancy a young music student of original genius, at a time when the musical atmosphere of Germany was beginning to absorb the neo-romanticism of Mendelssohn and Schumann, when receptive souls were learning to vibrate responsively to the seductions of Chopin—fancy, I say, this young student tied down to the Procrustes bed of a dry course of conventional contrapuntal schooling in which the influences of even Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert were virtually ignored! To Franz the good Schneider and his teaching seemed the cruelest of anachronisms and follies; he tacitly, if not quite openly, refused to be clay in his hands. He soon joined a few kindred souls in shirking counterpoint and making experiments in free composition by themselves. Schneider could never be brought to look upon him with favor; and, after four years spent in such semi-rebellious fashion, Franz left the school to return to his father's house in Halle, bringing home with him a fair grounding in the technics of composition, and (what was not quite so salutary) a deal of the traditional young graduate's self-complacency and self-sufficiency.

He was now to face the world as a professional musician, in a small German town the bourgeois temper of which we know. His equipment was conspicuously far from adequate. To begin with, his pianoforte and organ playing had been wholly neglected during those four Dessau years; so two paths to making a living were, for the time at least, closed to him. Then, he was constitutionally shy and retiring, seems to have had an unpleasant consciousness of his tall, gaunt, awkward figure, his manner was unprepossessing and offish; he had no social tact, and, though by no means unsociable by nature, "usually thawed out only when it was too late." Furthermore, his falling in with some compositions by Bach and Schubert, and being attracted to study the same, soon tuned down the taut E-string of that fine self-sufficiency which he had brought back from Dessau, and showed him that he was in no condition to come before the public as a composer. Parents and friends looked upon his career as clearly damned at the outset, and made no secret of their opinion.

Yet, dismal as his case seemed, efficient stimuli to the young man's self-development were not wanting. There were the works of Bach, Handel, and Schubert—never-failing sources of enthusiasm, the soundest basis for a specifically musical culture. Other influences, too, were inspiring: Arnold Ruge's and S. Echtermeyer's *Halleschen Jahrbücher für Kunst und Wissenschaft*, published in Halle itself, had become the most noteworthy

critical organ in Germany; Friedrich Hinrichs's lectures on political and religious freedom had begun to attract notice. A whole new intellectual movement was in the air, and Halle was practically its centre. The aim of Ruge's, Echtermeyer's, and Hinrichs's striving was to crystallize out the gist of the great religious, philosophic, and artistic awakening in Germany which had been the work of Luther and Melanchthon, Kant and Hegel, Goethe and Schiller, and give it a practical reflection in German life and politics. Franz was a devoted attendant at many students' meetings at which the principles of this movement were discussed; and, though he seems to have been too modest to take active part in the discussions, he was an ardent listener, and thought deeply over what he heard there. No less of an inspiration was his recently formed acquaintance with the poet Karl Osterwald, which soon ripened into a life friendship.

His mind was thoroughly awakened and rapidly maturing; for the next six years he studied hard, if only for the sake of self-culture, for he had given up all thought of composing. Bach and Schubert, especially the former, formed the basis of his studies; but he found his artistic receptivity gradually broadening and becoming more catholic,—as the true, predestined student of Bach ever must, finding in that master the portal through which all other great music is best approached,—and readily submitted himself to the new romantic Leipzig influence, which had by that time well reached Halle. He accordingly extended his studies to Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Henselt, absorbing what he could of each and all of these new lights. He even began to make an active propaganda for them in an ever-widening circle of young music-lovers, of which he soon found himself the centre. Much good music was gone through and critically discussed. The result was as might have been expected: constant communing with the master-works of his art did for him what his studies under Schneider had quite failed to do, it gradually revealed his own genius to himself and at last stimulated him to original creative work. Especially did his studies cure the unfortunate, benumbing impression Schneider's teaching had made upon him, by leading him to appreciate the higher side and truest function of musical technics,—the discovery and practical determining of an adequate form for the outward expression of inward thought and feeling. When he once more took to composing (though still with no thought of publication), he found himself irresistibly attracted to the lyric forms, and, within the bounds of these, to the *Lied* in particular.

It was only by the strenuous and persistent advice of friends that he at last made up his mind to publish anything. He sent a few songs to Schumann, who received them cordially and gave him a favorable introduction to a publisher. This was in 1843; here began his relations with the musical world at large, from this time forward he was a composer. To quote his own words: "From this moment my attitude toward art naturally entered upon a new stadium. There was no longer exclusively the question of satisfying myself with my compositions, but my artistic productiveness had to seek its measure and limits in the views and feelings of others. My personal acquaintance with the great men of the day, with Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, paved the way for self-examination and self-recognition. I began to think seriously about myself and my relation to art; the result of this thinking was the conscious holding fast by the direction in which I had struck out, the clear conviction that I could be of service to art and, what is the same thing, to the world only on this basis. As a further result of this self-examination, I promised myself to write only when I could not help it, when the exhortation from within coincided with the external power of realizing it."

In 1848 he married Maria Hinrichs, daughter of the philosopher who had exerted so deep an influence upon his intellectual growth in youth. By her he had three children, two sons and a daughter.

His recognition by the world was slow and exceedingly limited, confined at first almost exclusively to musicians; but among these were

to be counted some of the greatest names in contemporary music: Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, von Bülow, and others. It is noteworthy, however, that the more enduring admirers of his genius among his distinguished fellow-craftsmen belonged chiefly to what was then known as the "Future" school—a school with the tenets and practice of which he personally had but limited sympathy. Mendelssohn and Schumann, who had taken him up enthusiastically in the beginning, soon dropped him like a hot coal when they saw that he was travelling his own road at his own gait, and could no longer be claimed as a disciple. And of the musicians who held with these, against the school of the "Future," it was for the most part only such as were bound to him by ties of warm personal friendship—Otto Dresel, Julius Schaeffer, A. Saran, and a few more like them—who remained his firm admirers to the end.

Indeed Franz's position in the world of music was peculiar; he was (and still is) generally accepted as a classicist, whereas he called himself "thoroughly a radical (*durchaus radikal*)." He really stood half-way between two schools: compared with contemporary Mendelssohnians and Schumannites, he was certainly radical enough; but, in comparison with men like Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, he was no less certainly a good deal of a classicist. One is tempted to call him essentially a radical at heart, but a classicist by conviction. In any case, he was too individual, too original to make his way rapidly with the public at large; neither did great singers take kindly to him at first—anent which more, farther on. Especially in his native town of Halle was he discouragingly ignored, though in time he obtained some official positions there—of organist, conductor of singing societies, and what not. But such positions had to be given up, one after another, on account of his rapidly increasing and finally total deafness.[1]

His worldly affairs were now in a precarious condition. He had never been very well off, and once wrote to a friend about his relations with publishers: "The first half of my books of songs [*Liederhefte*] were as good as given to them outright, and for the [arrangements of Bach] airs I hardly got enough to pay for the paper I had squandered over that study." Energetic friends had to step in and do their best for him, giving concerts and starting subscriptions: Liszt, Helene Magnus, and others in Germany; Otto Dresel, B. J. Lang, Sebastian B. Schlesinger, the firm of Oliver Ditson & Co. in our own Boston. In this way handsome sums were raised; he also received a tolerable annuity from the government, in recognition of his arrangements of Bach arias and cantatas.[2] For the latter part of his life he was not in actual want, though his health was of the poorest, and he had to give up all musical work several years before his death, on October 24, 1892.

Apart from arrangements of works by Bach, Handel, Astorga, Durante, and a few original pieces for chorus (part-songs and sacred choruses, *a cappella* and otherwise), Franz's legacy to the world consists of fifty-two opus-numbers of songs for a single voice with pianoforte accompaniment—two hundred and eighty-two songs in all. It is impossible to determine the chronology of most of these songs. In the earlier opus-numbers the dates speak approximately for themselves; but, as we get farther down the list, they become more and more doubtful. As a rule, he composed far more rapidly than he published; he would thus always have a considerable stock of unpublished songs to draw upon, and, as he wrote only one actual cyclus (the *Schilflieder*,

[1] *This deafness began early in his career. As he was about setting out for Leipzig, one day, a locomotive near which he was standing at the station suddenly gave a shrill whistle; he immediately felt as if something had given way in his ear, and could hear nothing but a mighty internal buzzing. The trip to Leipzig was given up. In a few days the buzzing in his ears stopped, and he could hear again; but it was as if the higher tones of the scale were cut off—above a certain acuteness of pitch he was deaf. From this time forward, note after note dropped out of the range of his hearing, until at last his deafness became complete. Beside his deafness, he suffered also intermittently from a severe nervous disorder.*

[2] *Franz's invaluable work in completing scores by Bach, Handel, and other old masters lies without the pale of the present monograph.*

Opus 2), could select from these quite at random when making up a new opus-number for publication. He also had the habit of keeping manuscripts with which he was not fully satisfied for years, taking them up again from time to time, and submitting them to a severe process of filing down. Nor was he content to trust his own critical sense unreservedly in this matter; he would call in musical friends, and get their opinion. Indeed, nearly all his songs were submitted to his friend Otto Dresel before publication, nor was Dresel the only one whose criticism was sought. Thus it happens that some songs in the later opus-numbers belong really to the composer's earliest period. One interesting fact is worth noting here: when writing his songs, Franz always had a mezzo-soprano voice in mind; he did not, however, object to having his songs sung by men, though he strongly resented all transpositions. He could never be got to sanction a change of key.

In his original creative work Franz remained a lyricist to the end; in the domain of the *Lied* —or, as the fashionable phrase now goes, the "art song"—he was the legitimate successor of Schubert and Schumann. It has been said that he brought the form of the *Lied* to its highest plastic perfection; this is true enough, but does not of itself convey an idea of the full value of his achievement. To create or perfect a musical form may be a feat of but superficial import; for it to have truly profound artistic significance, the form must be admirable not only for its plastic beauty but also, and chiefly, for the adequateness with which it gives outward expression to inward thought and feeling. And herein lies the real greatness of Franz's achievement.

In matters of artistic theory Franz had much in common with Wagner. Like him, he recognized as the true fundamental principle of all vocal composition that the music should spring as directly from the poetic text as the flower from its seed; and, though the outward aspect of the two men's work is widely different, this is simply because of the inherent and inevitable difference between the modes of dramatic and lyrical expression in music. And Franz was as intrinsically a lyricist as Wagner a dramatist. To bring up one important detail, Wagner strongly emphasized the idea that musical expression naturally tended to assume a lyric form in proportion as the matter to be expressed was purely emotional in quality, unalloyed by anything that appealed to the intellect or reason; and, in this sense, "lyric" and "definitely melodic" are synonymous. Following out this principle of Wagner's to its logical conclusion, Franz recognized this melodic form as musically integral in itself—a result arrived at also by Berlioz, if by a different mental process. So, where Wagner, the dramatist, found himself naturally and unavoidably enlarging his musical frames, rendering his forms of expression more diffuse (in a good sense) and capable of embracing more and more extended developments, Franz, the lyricist, just as inevitably and naturally carried on a process of formal condensation, eliminating everything that could interfere with his concentrating his musical expression upon a single point. Wagner's process of musical construction was essentially centrifugal, Franz's, centripetal; and the forms the latter employed were the most concise imaginable.

In Franz's songs the melody reflects the dominant mood of the poetic text far more than it binds itself down to expressing shifting minutiæ of emotion; for the musical expression of these he looks chiefly to his instrumental accompaniment, to his harmony. And it is to be noted that his accompaniments are nearly always essentially polyphonic in structure; for merely homophonic harmony, even when presented in the more ornate form of arpeggj, he had small liking. Stronger and pithier harmony no man ever wrote; like that of old Bach himself, his is always in the best sense expressive. Instances of this are the tremulous dissonance of the minor 2nd at the word "*zittert* (trembles)," still more, that wondrous chord of the diminished 7th with doubly diminished 5th on "*erschüttert* (shaken)," in his setting of Heine's *Wie des Mondes Abbild* (*As the Moon her Trembling Image*), (Opus 6, No. 2). Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

As a harmonist, Franz was at once classical and very modern indeed. If his harmony rests for the most part on a diatonic rather than a chromatic basis, if his modulations lead generally to nearly related keys, he none the less sounds at moments all the depths of chromatic alteration and the enharmonic change; some of his sequences are in particular what hard-and-fast classicists would call exceedingly daring. He is quite free, too, in the matter of beginning a song in one key and ending it in another.

As has been said of Gustave Flaubert, that "his presentation of the outward aspect of men and things was so vivid that, to the careless reader, he might seem superficial," so may it seem to the short-sighted music-lover as if the plastic perfection of Franz's musical form somewhat impugned the poignancy of his expressiveness. But one must learn to dissociate vehemence of feeling from mere physical violence of expression; for in very truth, as Flaubert's vividness came, not from his stopping short at the outward aspect of men and things, but from the accuracy and profundity of his observation of their innermost nature and the completeness of his artistic synthesis, so does the outward perfection of Franz's forms spring directly from their exhaustive absorption of the emotion they seek to express.

If those violent and, so to speak, disruptive harmonic strokes, to which many composers (Wagner among them) often look for their most tremendous effects, are hardly to be found in Franz's songs, this is to be explained neither by lacking warmth of temperament nor by a timid, would-be-classical moderantism in expression, but simply by the nature of the lyrical field in which he worked. Like the born and bred lyricist he was, he both instinctively and from conviction avoided everything that might tend to destroy unity of mood, seeing clearly, too, that the concise forms he employed were peculiarly liable to such disruption if too violent expressive means were resorted to. Accordingly we find in his most daring sequences, in his most striking harmonic progressions (as we do also in Beethoven's, when that master writes in the epic, not in the dramatic, vein), a certain smooth naturalness in the manner in which the thing is done. He never makes the impression of having gone out of his way for anything, nothing seems lugged in by the hair. The cataclysms in his harmony, like those in Nature herself, all have something of the sublime calm of the workings of eternal law, not the petulancy of an irritated god.

The slow progress of the Franz propaganda is not hard to account for; in his case, almost everything has militated against easily won popularity. The individuality and originality of his genius, his solitary position in the world of music in his day, these were probably the prime obstacles. Then there are in his songs two elements which have served to render them unwelcome to the average great singer; and the public at large always grow to love a composer more through hearing fine performances of his works than by attacking them with their own voices and fingers.

The technical demands made by Franz's songs are not extraordinarily severe; old Manuel Garcia (as competent an authority as any going) even gave it as his deliberate opinion that they were generally more favorably written for the voice than either Schubert's or Schumann's. But these songs do present two special difficulties, which are all the more serious for being unusual and out of the habits of most singers to-day.

An intimate functional relation between voice-part and accompaniment is always an element of difficulty; herein lies, in the last analysis, the chief difficulty of Bach's and Handel's airs—one that has been a stumbling-block to most would-be Bach singers, though in Handel's case it has been cleverly juggled out of sight by time-honored (and entirely bad) "traditions." This intimate relation between voice-part and accompaniment is everywhere to be found in Franz's songs; it allows the singer less freedom of personal initiative than he is accustomed to claim. Singing such songs comes properly under the head of concerted performance; it is not quite solo-singing. And the old-fashioned style of ac-

companying, which aimed merely at supporting the voice and "following" the singer through all sorts of rhythmic vagaries, works utter ruin with Franz, though Schubert may at times endure it well enough. The relation between singer and accompanist should by no means be that of master and slave; there should be thorough sympathy, a quasi-Leibnitzian *harmonia praestabilita*, without which nothing admirable is to be accomplished. It should be said, too, that Franz's broad modern treatment of the pianoforte (his *Klaviersatz*), and the essentially polyphonic structure of his accompaniments, present tasks to which the ordinary professional accompanist is hardly grown; they require a finished pianist and musician.

The second difficulty, of a deeper-going sort, resides in the generally purely lyrical quality of the songs, their concise form, and the absence both of extended epic developments and of dramatic modes of expression. The conciseness of the form makes a certain even perfection in the performance indispensable throughout; the singer has no time nor opportunity to atone for minor blemishes by an occasional brilliant stroke. The cameo needs to be more perfect in detail than the fresco. Then, few singers can be prevailed upon to forego that dramatic strenuousness of emphasis with which they have reaped such rich harvests in other fields, and express feeling as simply as Franz has in his melodies.[1] When we reflect upon the sentimental acrobatics some great singers have lavished upon simple folk-songs, like *'Way down upon the Suwanee River* and *Home, Sweet Home*, we need not wonder at the steam they put on when dealing with the wealth of emotion of a Robert Franz, and the poets he has musically illustrated.

No doubt it is true, in one sense, that Franz's songs cannot be sung too poignantly; but they can be sung with a, so to speak, too comprehensive expressiveness. The singer should rest content with expressing no more than the composer himself has expressed in his melody; let him set this forth as warmly and thrillingly as he can, but not stultify the accompaniment by encroaching upon its domain, and including in his expression that which should fall solely to its share. Above all, let him, with all intensity of feeling and subtlety of expressive nuance, keep well within the bounds of that "modesty of nature" which Franz never overstepped.

Upon the whole, the Franz propaganda, if slow, has been sure and steadily waxing; his lovers are, and ever have been, among the best in the world of music. Still, though now ten years dead, he has not yet won real popularity; but others, and even greater than he, have waited longer. His time will come; of the future he may be as sure as any great genius that ever put pen to paper; the question is only, When? His solitariness is no cause for fear. He was no graceful pioneer into a no-thoroughfare, like Felix Mendelssohn; neither did he, like Robert Schumann, represent an early transitional stage in a great world-progress. Like Palestrina of old, he achieved and embodied in his works the supreme culmination of a special form of music; in the domain of the purely lyrical *Lied* no greater songs than his can be written. Such a man is safe.

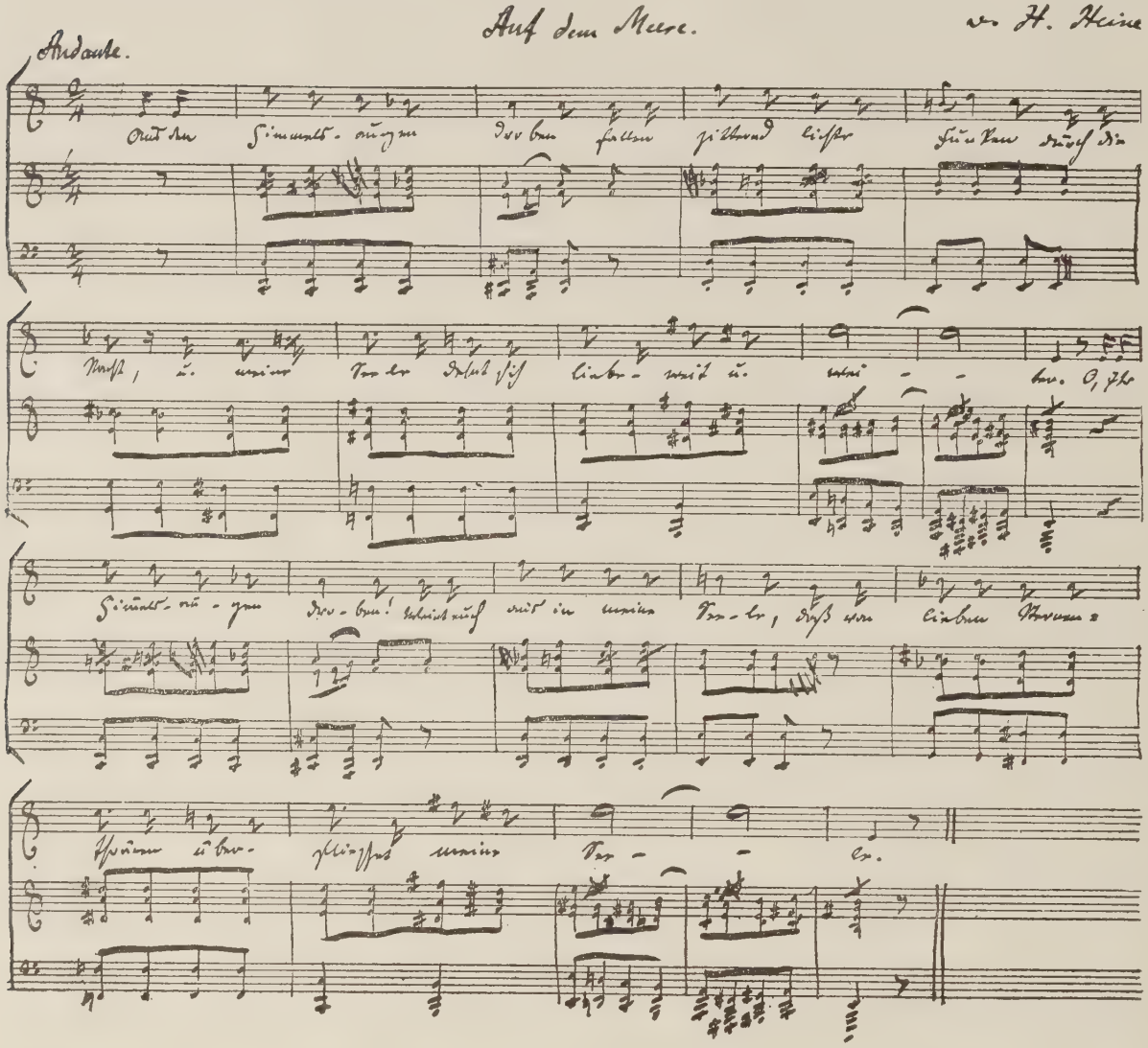
William J. Apthorp

Hingham, Mass., July 16, 1902.

[1] *A significant commentary on this is the profound remark made by one of our leading pianists, not long ago, on a certain performance of Brahms's* Ernste Lieder: "*If they had not been sung with such tremendous expression, there would not have been a dry eye in the hall!*"

FACSIMILE

OF A MS. OF "AUF DEM MEERE," OP. 5, NO. 3, BY ROBERT FRANZ



The original Manuscript is here reproduced through the courtesy of Miss Pauline Woltmann of Boston, to whom it was given in 1901 *by Franz's daughter Frau Lisbeth Bethge of Halle.*

THE above sketch—for the process of evolution the song has since undergone makes it little else—is peculiarly interesting. It helps to show Franz's habitual method of composing, which, like Beethoven's, consisted mainly of a snowball-like accumulation of corrections on an original sketch; it is, moreover, interesting from its rarity, comparatively few of the composer's earlier sketches having been preserved. It was his habit to send perfectly clean copies of his songs to publishers, without a single correction in them; most prior versions, containing corrections, were destroyed.

This facsimile shows that some corrections were made in the sketch itself. Such are: the suppression of one of the middle parts in the accompaniment in measure 2 (still further modified before publication); a similar change in

measure 4, involving an actual change in the harmony (the new progression: B-flat, B-natural corresponding to the G, G-sharp in measure 2); the suppression of the sustained high E in the accompaniment in measures 9–10 and 19–20; changes in measures 12 and 14, to correspond to those in measures 2 and 4.

But a comparison of the facsimile with the published version of the song shows that these corrections did not satisfy the composer; others, and more important ones, were made later. We find in the published version: a systematic suppression of the harmony on the initial up-beat (*anacrusis*) of phrases, to correspond to the beginning of the opening phrase of the song; a more expressive part-leading in measures 9–10 and 19–20, with a more sonorous open position of the closing dominant chord of the half-cadence; the addition of another middle part in measure 12, making the harmony fuller than in the corresponding measure 2; other changes in part-leading here and there; above all, the picturesquely suggestive billowing sixteenth-note variation of measures 9–10 in the closing measures 19–20.

Note, too, that these changes are invariably improvements, that the song grows finer and stronger with every fresh stroke of the pen. The corrections either substitute a vital polyphonic leading of the parts for mere plain harmony (*accords plaqués*), or else add rhythmic variety to the monotonous succession of eighth-notes in the original sketch, whilst rendering the whole song more homogeneous by establishing recognizable rhythmic relations between different phrases. As is often the case with Beethoven, so do we find here also that, compared with the matured final version, the original sketch seems almost like the work of a schoolboy.

W. F. A.

FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT FRANZ

To Frl. Luise Gutike

THE WATER-LILY
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Original Key, B♭)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815 - 1884)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, No. 3

Andante Softly *(Leise)*

VOICE

PIANO

pp

The qui - et wa - ter - li - ly
Die stil - le Lo - tos - blu - me

Floats on the waves' blue light; The broad leaves quiv - er, and glim - mer, The
steigt aus dem blau - en See, die Blät - ter flim-mern und bli - tzen, der

cup — is snow - y white. The moon pours down from
Kelch — ist weiss wie Schnee. Da giesst der Mond vom

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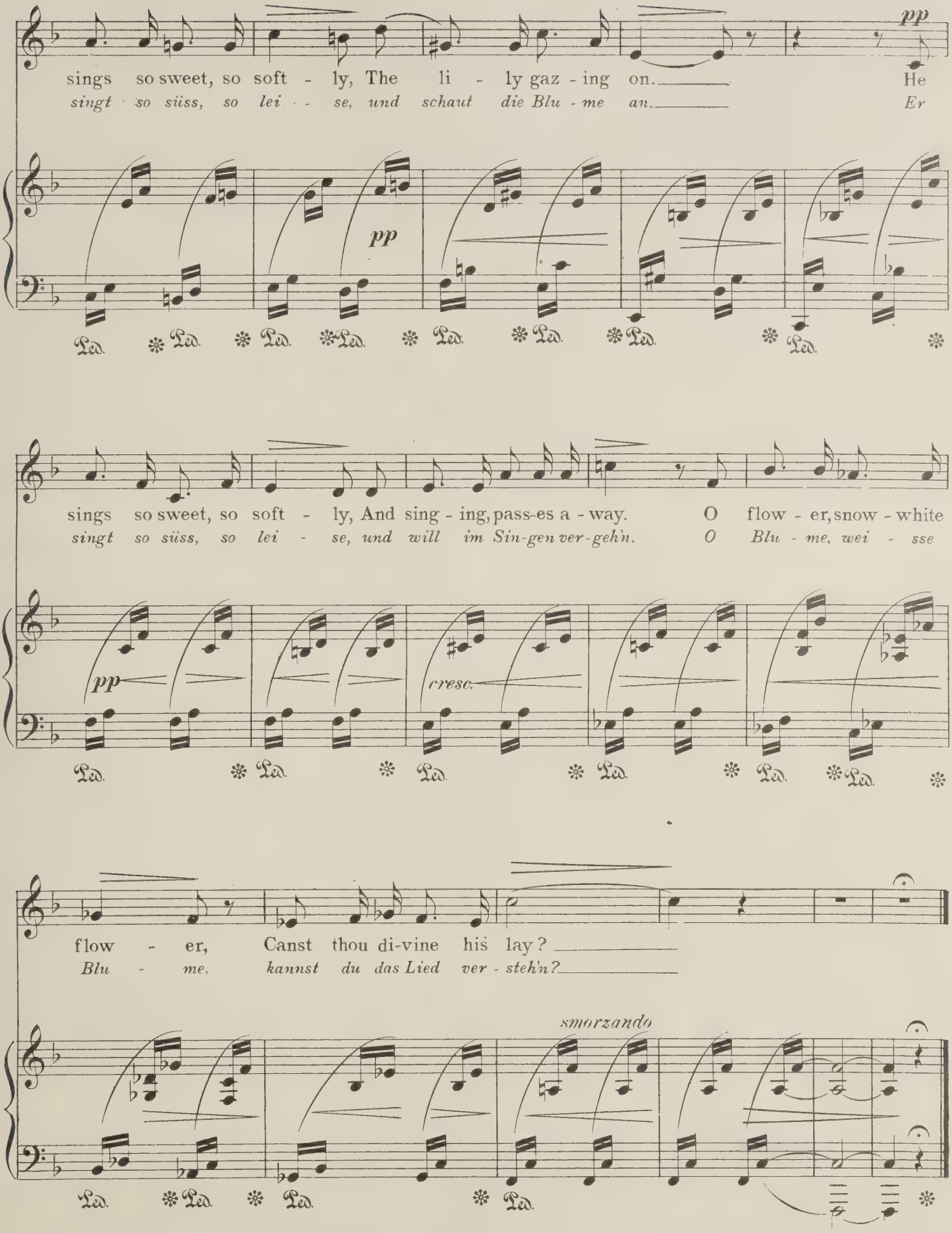
heav - en All of her gold-en light, All of her gold - en
Him - mel all' sei-nen gold'-nen Schein, giesst al - le sei - ne

beam - ing In - to that bos - om white. A -
Strah - len in ih - ren Schoss hin - ein. Im

p

round the float-ing flow - er Cir-cles a snow-y swan; He
Was - ser um die Blu - me krei-set ein wei-sser Schwan, er

p


pp
sings so sweet, so soft - ly, The li - ly gaz - ing on. He
singt so süss, so lei - se, und schaut die Blu - me an. Er
pp
sings so sweet, so soft - ly, And sing - ing, pass-es a - way. O flow - er, snow - white
singt so süss, so lei - se, und will im Sin-gen ver-geh'n. O Blu - me, wei - sse
pp
cresc.
flow - er, Canst thou di-vine his lay?
Blu - me, kannst du das Lied ver - steh'n?
smorzando

To Frl. Luise Gutike

SLUMBER SONG
(SCHLUMMERLIED)

(Original Key, B)

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK (1773 - 1853)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 1, No 10

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

Rest thee, my sweet, in the shad - - ow Of the green - ly glim - mer-ing grove; Soft sigh - eth the grass on the mead - ow, Thou'rt fann'd and art cool'd in the shad - ow, And

Ru - he, Süss - lieb - chen, im Schat - - ten der grü - nen, däm - mern-den Nacht; es säu - selt das Gras auf den Mat - ten, es fä - chelt und kühlt dich der Schat - ten, und

la melode ben marcato

p

mf

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watch'd by faith - ful love, And watch'd by faith - ful
treu - e Lie - be wacht, und treu - e Lie - be

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

pp

love. Sleep, then, sleep on,
wacht. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein,

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

mf

'Neath the whis - per-ing pine, Ev - er I'll be
lei - ser rau - schet der Hain, e - wig bin ich

cresc. *mf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

thine, Ev - er I'll be thine.
Dein, e - wig bin ich Dein.

dim. *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

p

Hush ye! in - vis - i - ble cho - rus! Dis -
Schweigt, ihr ver - steck - ten Ge - sän - ge, und

R.H. *dim.* L.H.

turb not her dain - ty re - pose! The birds all, hov - er - ing
stört nicht die sü sse - ste Ruh! Es lauscht der Vö - gel Ge -

mf *p*

o'er us, Sus - pend their be - wil - der - ing cho - rus; Sleep,
drän - ge, es ru - hen die lau - ten Ge - sän - ge; schliess,

cresc.

dar - ling, thine eye - lids close! Sleep, dar - ling, thine eye - lids
Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge zu. schliess, Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge

mf *p*

pp

close! Soft - ly, oh, sleep! No
zu. Schla - fe, schlaf' ein, im

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

mf

noise near thee creep! Faith-ful - est watch I'll
däm - mern - den Schein, ich will dein Wäch - ter

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

keep, Faith-ful - est watch I'll keep.
sein, ich will dein Wäch - ter sein.

dim.

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

p

Mur - mur, mel - o-dies E - lys - ian!
Mur - melt fort, ihr Me - lo - di - en,

dim.
R.H.

p

L.H.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Whis - per low, thou purl - ing stream! Charm'd by some en-chant-ing
rau - sche nur, du stil - ler Bach, schö - ne Lie - bes-phan-ta -

mf *p*

vi - sion, Full of all de - lights E - lys-ian, She is
si - en, spre - chen in den Me - lo - di - en, zar - te

smil - ing, smil - ing in her hap - py dream;
Träu - me, zar - te Träu - me schwim - men nach.

pp

Through the whis - per-ing trees Lit-tle swarms of gold - en
Durch den flü - stern-den Hain schwärmen gold' - ne Bie - ne -

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

bees Keep hum - ming to lull thee a - sleep, keep
lein und sum - men zum Schlummer dich ein, und

mf *p* *dim.*

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

hum-ming to lull thee a - sleep.
sum - men zum Schlum - mer dich ein.

p

smorzando
R.H.

Ped. L.H. *

To Robert Schumann

OFT ON HIDDEN PATHS I WANDER

(AUF GEHEIMEM WALDESPFADE)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

(Original Key, E♭ minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 1

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

Oft on hid - den paths I wan - der Thro' the
Auf ge - hei - mem Wal - des - pfa - de schleich' ich

una corda

woods in twi - light gleam, To the lake se - clud - ed yon - der,
gern im A - bend - schein an das ö - de Schilf - ge - sta - de,

Dear - est, while of thee I dream! As the shim-m'ring hues are
Mäd - chen, und ge - den - ke Dein. Wenn sich dann der Busch ver -

wan - ing Moan the reeds mys - te - rious - ly, And they whis - per, low com-
dü - stert, rauscht das Rohr ge-heim - niss - voll, und es kla - get, und es

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mf *p*

plain - ing That my tears must flow for thee. O'er the
flü - stert, dass ich wei - nen, wei - nen soll. Und ich

mf

lake in dark - ness ly - ing Soft - ly floats thy voice a -
mein', ich hö - re we - hen lei - se Dei - ner Stim - me

p

long And I hear the dy - ing e - cho
Klang, und im Wei - her un - ter - ge - hen

Of thy cap - ti - va - ting song.
Dei - nen lieb - li - chen Ge - sang.

pp

To Robert Schumann

YONDER NOW THE SUN IS SINKING
(DRÜBEN GEHT DIE SONNE SCHEIDEN)

(Original Key, G minor)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No 2

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

Yon - der now the sun is sink - ing,
Drü - ben geht die Son - ne schei - den,

And the wear - y day doth sleep; Low the wil - lows
und der müi - de Tag ent-schlief. Nie - der hän - gen

cresc.

here are bend - ing O'er the lake, so calm, so deep.
hier die Wei - den in den Teich, so still, so tief.

rit.

mf *p rit.* *a tempo* *p*

And my fate from thee di-vides me: Flow, ye tears, flow
Und ich muss mein Lieb - stes mei - den: quill', o Thrä - ne,

animato

mf *p rit.* *a tempo*

si - lent on! In the breeze the reed is sigh - ing
quill' her - vor! Trau-rig sai - seln hier die Wei - den,

mf

p *pp*

and the wil - lows sad - ly moan.
und im Win - de bebt das Rohr.

p *pp* *p* *rit.* *pp*

Larghetto

p rit. ten.

In my deep and si - lent sor - row Falls thy light, love, from a - far,

In mein stil - les, tie - fes Lei - den strahlst du Fer - ne! hell und mild,

ten.

ad lib. *p* rit.

a tempo Tempo I *mf*

As_ thro' reeds and droop-ing wil - lows Shines the mir - - ror'd

wie_ durch Bin - sen hier_ und Wei - den strahlt des A - - bend -

Tempo I

a tempo *mf*

ten.

eve - ning star.

ster - - nes Bild.

decresc.

rit. *p a tempo* rit. *pp*

To Robert Schumann

DARK THE SKY, THE CLOUDS ARE FLYING

(TRÜBE WIRD'S, DIE WOLKEN JAGEN)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

(Original Key, C sharp minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No 3

Allegro maestoso

PIANO

p

Ped.

p

Dark the sky, the clouds are
Trü - be wird's, die Wol - ken

fly - ing,
gen,

mf

And the rain descends with
und der Re - gen nie - der

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. *

might,
bricht,

And the bois - trous winds are
und die lau - ten Win - de

f

f

Ped. * Ped. *

pp

sigh - - ing: Lake, ah, where thy
kla - - gen: Teich, wo ist Dein

Star - ry Light?
Ster - nen - licht?

p

Seek thou for the van - ished
Su - chen den er - losch - nen

sfz

p

gleam - ing, Seek thou deep 'neath waves that wild - ly
Schim - mer, su - chen tief im auf - ge - wühl - ten

sf

cresc.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

flow.
See.

p

Nev - er - more thy love re -
Dei - ne Lie - be lä - chelt

sfz

cresc. molto

f *p*

Ped. ✻

p

deem-ing
nim-mer

Smiles up-on my bound-less woe!
nie - der auf mein tie - fes Weh!

p

pp

To Robert Schumann

SUNSET LIGHTS THE WEST
(SONNENUNTERGANG; SCHWARZE WOLKEN ZIEH'N)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F♯ minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, № 4

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

p

mf

Sun - set lights the West; Black the clouds o'er-head,
Son - nen - un - ter - gang; schwar - ze Wol - ken zieh'n,

With the heat op - pressed Ev - 'ry wind has fled,
o wie schwül und bang al - le Win - de flieh'n,

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cresc. *dim.*

With the heat op - pressed!
o wie schwül und bang!

cresc. *p*

mf

Light - ning-flash - es
Durch dem Him - mel

dim. *p*

white Through the heav - ens break, By their fleet - ing
wild ja - gen Blit - ze bleich; ihr ver-gäng - lich

light Gleams the lone - ly lake, By their
Bild wan - delt durch den Teich, ihr ver -

cresc.

dim.

fleet - - ing light.
gäng - - lich Bild.

dim. *p*

p

Ev - 'ry
Wie ge -

p

pass - ing glare Shows thine im - age pale,
wit - ter - klar mein' ich Dich zu seh'n,

cresc.

cre - - -

cresc. *f*

And thy flow - ing hair In the storm - y gale,
und Dein lan - ges Haar frei im Stur - me weh'n,

scen - do *f* *cre - scen-*

ff

In the storm - - - - - -

frei im Stur - - - - -

do

ff

ff

y gale!

me weh'n!

decresc.

p

pp

smorzando

To Robert Schumann

ON THE LAKE, SO CALM, SO PLACID
(AUF DEM TEICH, DEM REGUNGSLOSEN)

(Original Key, C minor)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 2, No. 5

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

On the lake, so calm, so plac - id, Rests the moon - light's
Auf dem Teich, dem re - gungs - lo - sen, weilt des Mon - des

sil - v'ry sheen, In - ter - twin - ing pal - lid ros - es
hol - der Glanz, flech - tend sei - ne blei - chen Ro - sen

ten.

'Mid the reed - shore's wreath of green. By yon
in des Schil - fes grü - nen Kranz. Hir - sche

hill - side deer — are roam - ing; Still the night, no sound is
wan - deln dort — am Hü - gel, bli - cken in die Nacht em -

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

heard, Now and then, a - mid the rush - es Soft - ly
por; manch - mal regt sich das Ge - flü - gel träu - me -

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rall.

stirs a sleep - ing bird.
risch im tie - fen Rohr.

smorz. e rall.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Larghetto

p

Weep ing, I my gaze must low - er; In my

Wei nend muss mein Blick sich sen - ken; durch die

p

deep - est soul I bear Thoughts of thee, so sweet, so

tief - ste See - le geht mir ein sü - sses Dein - ge -

peace - ful, Like a si - lent eve - ning pray'r!

den - ken, wie ein stil - les Nacht - ge - bet!

dim.

pp

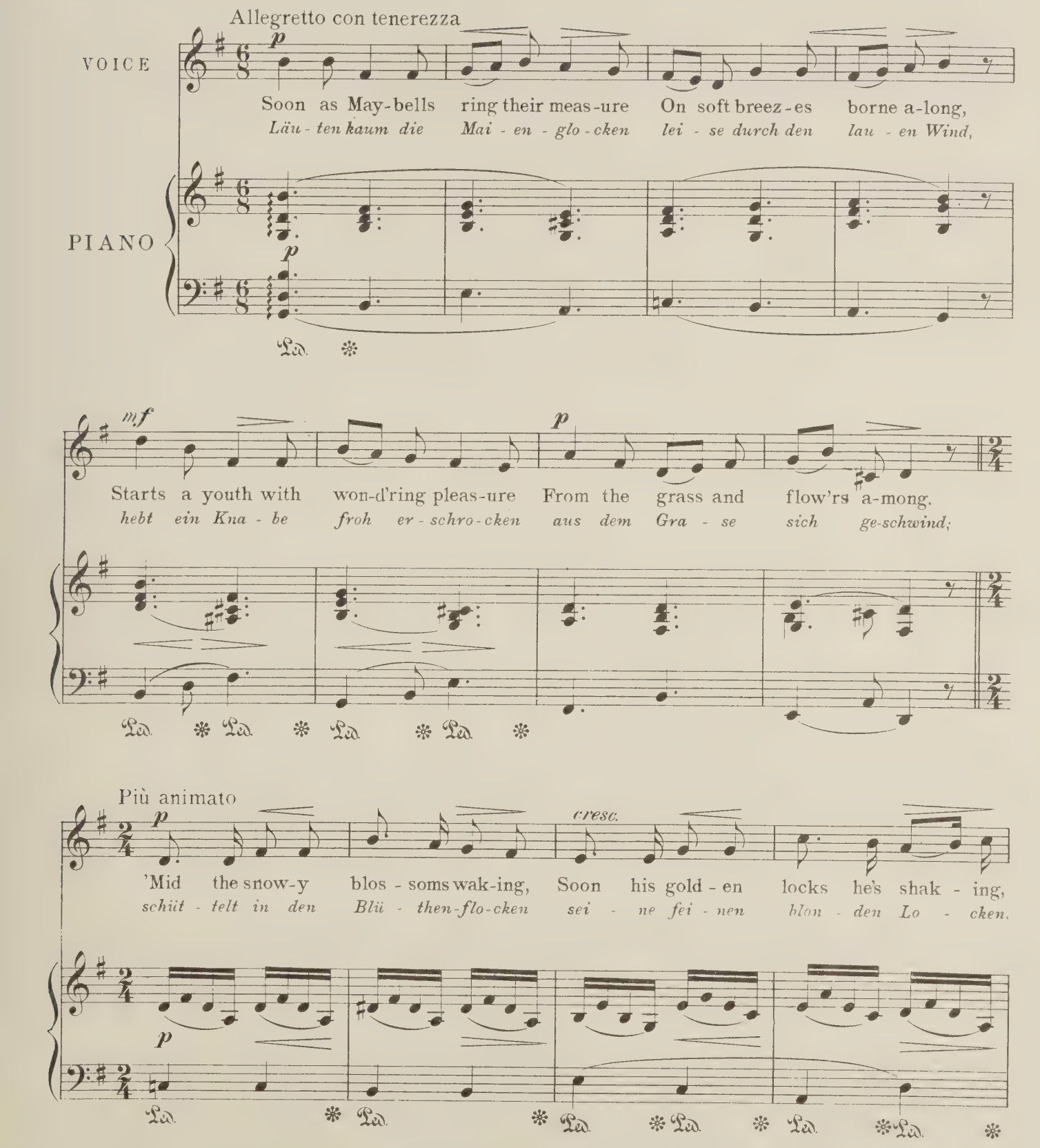
ppp

THE ROGUE
(DER SCHALK)

(Original Key, B)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 3, No. 1



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mf

Rogu - ish mus - ing, like a child.

schel - misch sin - nend wie ein Kind.

il tenore ben marcato

mf *dim.* *mf* *dim.*

Tempo I

p

Now the songs of larks are gush - ing, Soft - ly sighs the night - in - gale,

Und nun we - hen Ler - chen - lie - der und es schlägt die Nach - ti - gall,

p

mf

From the moun - tains swift - ly rush - ing, Spark - ling tor - rents seek the vale;

rau - schend von den Ber - gen nie - der kommt der küh - le Was - ser - fall;

mf

Più animato

p *cresc.*

In the woods bright birds are wing-ing, Spring re-turns, new pleas - ures bring - ing;

rings im Wal - de bunt Ge - fie - der: Früh - ling, Früh - ling ist es wie - der

p *cresc.*

f

Joy re - sounds o'er hill and dale.

und ein Jauch - zen ü - ber - all.

il tenore ben marcato

f *dim.*

Tempo I

p

Gold - en threads, so light and shin - ing, Weaves the boy with gen - tle arts,

Und den Kna - ben hört man schwir - ren, gold - ne Fä - den zart und lind

p

Più animato

mf *p* *p*

On the breez-es in - ter-twin-ing, And a charm-ing con-test starts: Seek - ing, fly-ing,

durch die Lüf - te künstlich wir - ren und ein sü - sser Krieg be - ginnt: Su - chen, Flie-hen,

p *p*

cresc. *f*

fond il - lu - sion, Till they're lost in sweet con-fu - sion, Oh, thou lab - y -

schmach - tend Ir - ren, bis sich al - le hold ver - wir - ren – O be - glück - tes

cresc.

rinth of joy!

La - by - rinth!

il tenore ben marcato

mf *pp*

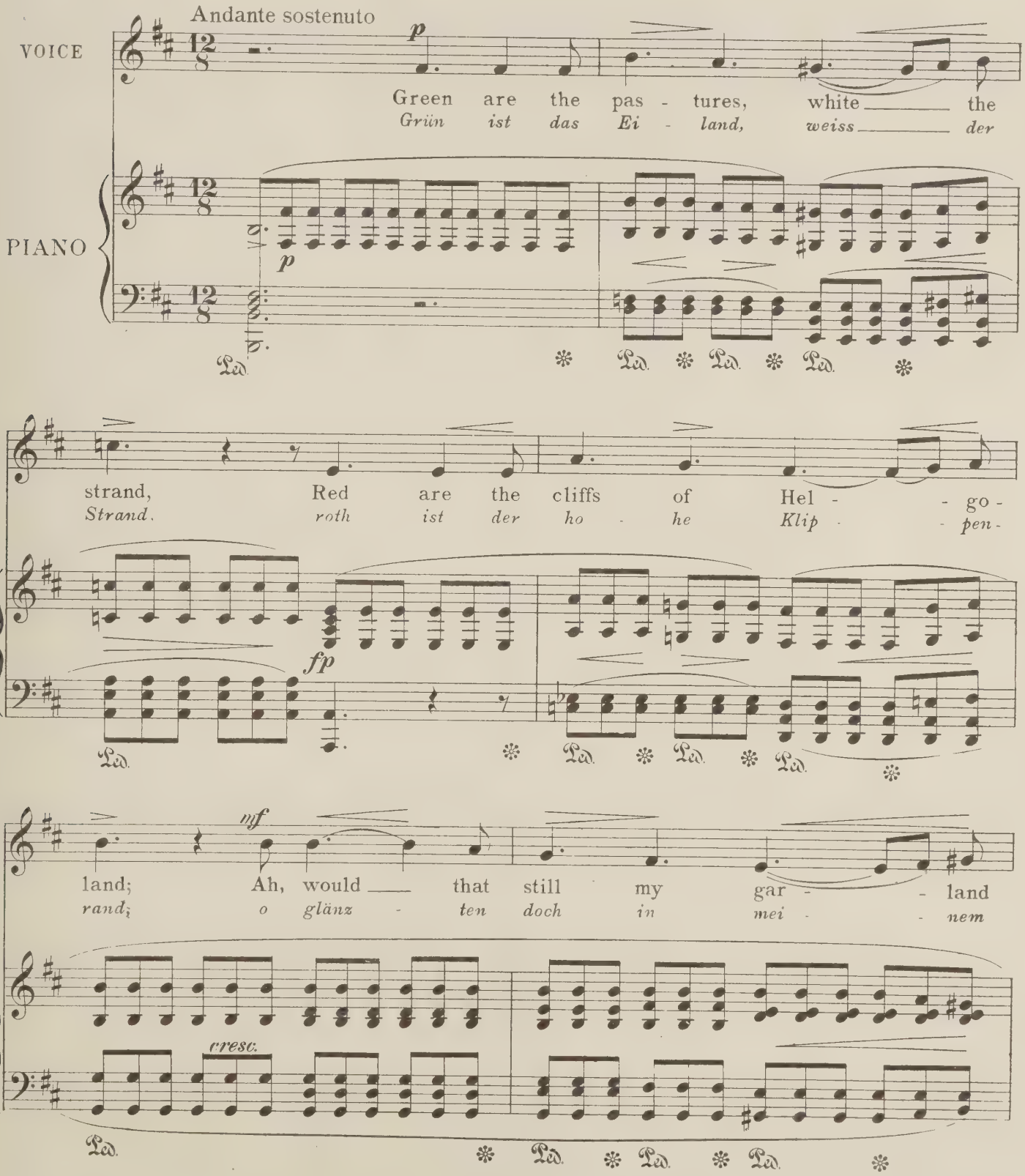
To Felix Mendelssohn

THE COLORS OF HELGOLAND
(DIE FARBEN HELGOLANDS)

(Original Key, C♯ minor)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 3, No 2.



wore These hues that deck the is - land shore!
Kranz noch die - se Far - ben Hel - go - lands!

p

Thou wreath of love, once green and
Du Kranz der Lie - be, grün - und

f *p*

red, How art thou now so pale and
roth, wie bleibst du jetzt so bleich und

fp

dead! One flow'r a - lone still blooms on
todt! Ein Blüm - chen blüht an dir al -

mf *cresc.*

thee, The flow'r that speaks: "For - get not
lein, das Blü - me lein: "Ver - giss - nicht -

mf

pp

me, for - get not me!"
mein, Ver - giss - nicht - mein!"

pp

pp

SPRING AND LOVE
(FRÜHLING UND LIEBE)

(Original Key, A)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798-1874)
Translated by M.A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 3, No. 3

Andantino con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

In ro - sy bow'r lay Love a -
Im Ro - sen - busch die Lie - be

sleep,
schlief,

The Spring drew nigh his
der Früh - ling kam, der

dolce

tryst to keep; Love hears his voice, but knows well his
Früh ling rief, die Lie - be hört's die Lie - be er -

mf

p

wiles, Peeps from a bud and arch-ly smiles, And
wacht, schaut aus der Knosp' her-vor und lacht, und

p

dolce *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

thinks: "The win-ter's not yet o'er," Then
denkt, zu zei-tig möcht's wohl sein, und

rit. *a tempo* *dolce*

calm-ly falls a-sleep once more.
schläft dann ru-hig wie-der ein.

mf

But Spring of woo - ing wea - ries
Der Früh - ling a - ber lässt nicht

dolce

mf

ne'er, Each morn with kiss - es
nach, er küsst sie je - den

dolce

wa - kens her, Ca - ress - es her the live - long
Mor - gen wach, er Kost mit ihr von früh bis

day, Till to her heart he's found his way, And
spät, bis sie ihr Herz ge - öff - net hat und

mf

she his fer - vent long - ing stays, And
sei ne hei - sse Sehn - sucht stillt, und

dolce

ev' - ry sun - ny gleam re - pays.
je - den Son - nen - blick ver - gilt.

p

dolce

HIS COMING
(ER IST GEKOMMEN)

(Original Key, A♭)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 4, No 7

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

mf *cresc.*

Wild was the day when he came with greet - ing;
Er ist ge - kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen,

con Pedale

f *mf* *mf*

For him how wild - ly my heart was beat - ing. Could I be
ihm schlug be - klom - men mein Herz ent - ge - gen. Wie könnt' ich

cresc. *f*

know - ing That he was go - ing Up - on the path where we
ah - nen, dass sei - ne Bah - nen sich ei - nen soll - ten

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soon should be meet - ing!
mei - nen We - gen?

la melode ben marcato

mf *cresc.*

mf

Wild was the
Er ist ge -

f *mf*

cresc.

day, and the rain was beat - ing; He won my
kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen, er hat ge -

cresc.

f *mf* *mf*

heart by his look and greet - ing. Nay, 'twas no woo - ing,
nom - men mein Herz ver - we - gen. Nahm er das mei - ne?

f *mf* *mf*

f

'Twas Fate's own do - ing: Ere lips had met our
nahm ich das sei - ne? Die bei - den ka - men

cresc. *f*

mf

souls were meet - ing!
sich ent - ge - gen

la melode ben marcato

mf *cresc.*

mf

Dark was the
Er ist ge -

f *mf*

cresc. *f*

day of his com - ing and greet - ing! Days may be dark and the
kom - men in Sturm und Re - gen. Nun ist ent - glom - men des

cresc. *f*

mf *p* *mf*

Spring - time fleet - ing; No long - er he's near me, yet faith shall

Früh - lings Se - gen. Der Lieb - ste zieht wei - ter, ich seh' es

mf *p* *mf*

f

cheer me; His heart to mine still tru - ly, tru - ly

hei - ter, denn mein bleibt er auf al - len, al - len

f marcato

beat - ing.

We - gen. la melode ben marcato

f *cresc.* *sf*

ff *f*

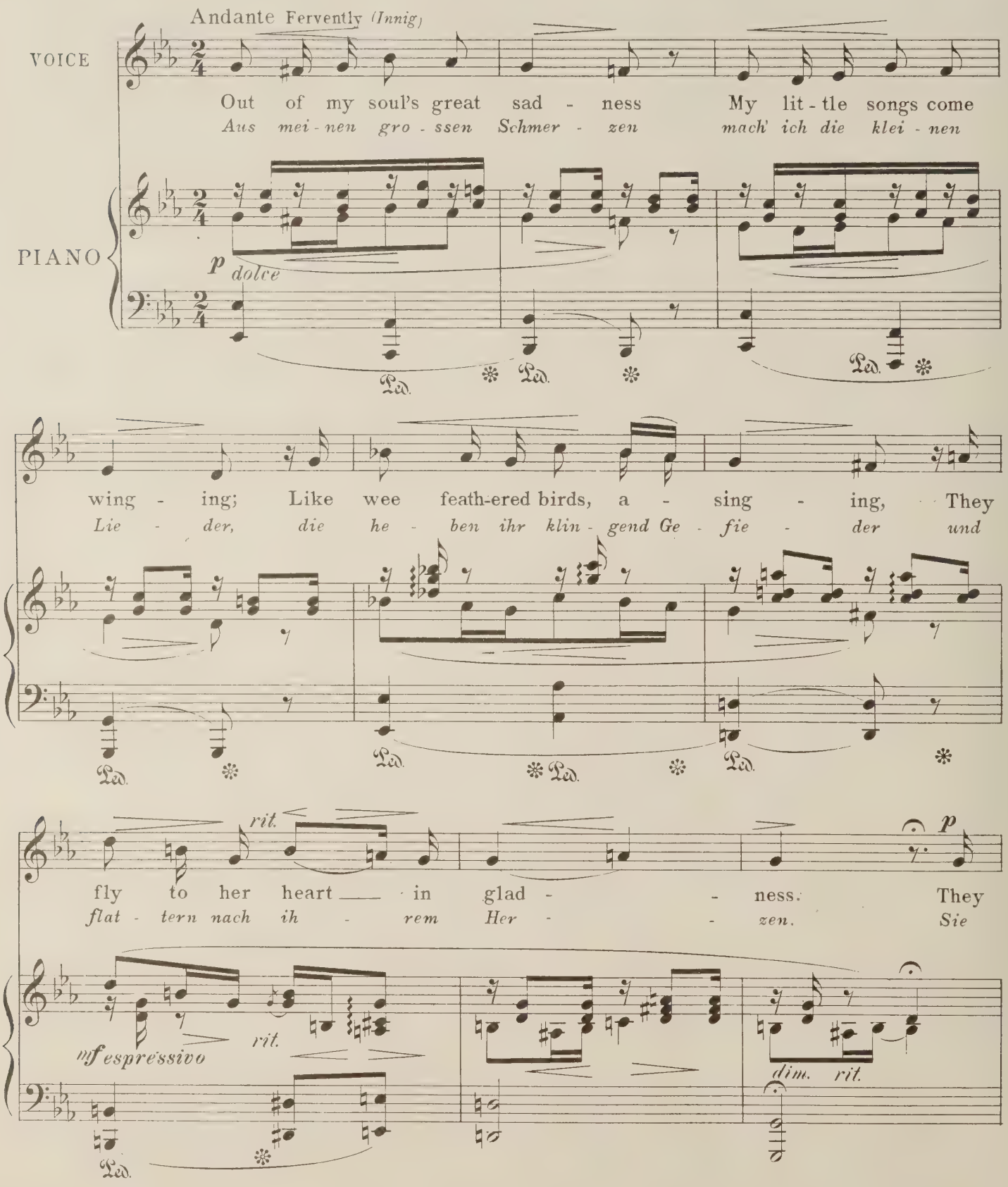
To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

OUT OF MY SOUL'S GREAT SADNESS
(AUS MEINEN GROSSEN SCHMERZEN)

(Original Key, D minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 1



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p

found her, and round her hov - ered, And now they've come back, and they
fan - den den Weg zur Trau - ten, doch kom - men sie wie - der und

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

scold me, And yet not a song - let has told ___ me What
kla - gen, und kla - gen, und wol - len nicht sa - gen, was

mf

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

they in her heart dis - cov - - ered.
sie ___ im Her - zen schau - - ten.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

ON THE SEA
(AUF DEM MEERE)

(Original Key, A minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No 3

Andantino Very fervently (*Sehr innig*)

VOICE

PIANO

From the star - ry eyes of heav - en Trem-bling sparks of light are
Aus der Him-mels - au - gen dro - ben fal - len zit - ternd lich - te

fall - ing Thro' the night; my soul in rap - ture Soars on
Fun - ken durch die Nacht, und mei - ne See - le dehnt sich

poco rit. *a tempo* *mf*

wings of love to meet them, O ye
lie - be - weit und wei - ter. O, ihr

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

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eyes of heav'n a - bove me, Pour your beams in - to my
Him - mels - au - gen dro - ben! Weint auch aus in mei - ne

p

bos - om, Till those tears of star - y bright - ness Fill my
See - le, dass von lie - ben Ster - nen - thrä - nen ü - ber -

poco rit. *a tempo*

soul to o - ver - flow - - - - ing.
flie - sset mei - ne See - - - - le.

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

LASSIE WITH THE LIPS SO ROSY
(MÄDCHEN MIT DEM ROTHEN MÜNDCHEN)

(Original Key, D♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Sir Theodore Martin

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 5

Andantino con moto Fervently *(Innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

p *dolce*

Las - sie with the lips so ro - sy,
Mäd - chen mit dem ro - then Münd - chen,

With the eyes so soft and bright, Dear wee las - sie,
mit den Äug - lein süss und klar, Du mein lie - bes,

p

I keep think - ing, Think - ing on thee day and night.
sü - sses Mäd - chen, Dei - ner denk' ich im - mer - dar.

poco rit.

poco rit.

*) Remark: The sixteenth notes of the triplets must throughout be light and short.
Anmerk: Die Sechszehntheile der Triolenfiguren müssen durchaus leicht und kurz angeschlagen werden.

*) (nichts) (lang)

Win - ter nights are long and drear - y;
Lang' ist heut' der Win - ter - a - bend,

p a tempo

Would that I were with thee, dear,
und ich möch - te bei Dir sein,

p

(crack - ing couth - ly)

Arms a - bout thee, chat - ting gai - ly, With no mor - tal
bei Dir sit - zen, mit Dir schwa - tzen im ver - trau - ten

p *p*

*) The Scotch words in parentheses are in Sir Theodore Martin's translation.

with fervor

mf (mit Wärme)

by to hear! With my kiss - es I would smoth - er

Käm - mer - lein. An die Lip - pen wollt' ich pres - sen

rit.

mf

p

(jimp and sma')

mf molto più lento

Thy white hand so fair and small, And my tears for

Dei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand, und mit Thrä - nen

p

mf ben legato ed espress.

p

(fa')

ver - y rap - ture On that wee white hand should fall.

sie be - ne - tzen, ei - ne klei - ne wei - sse Hand.

p

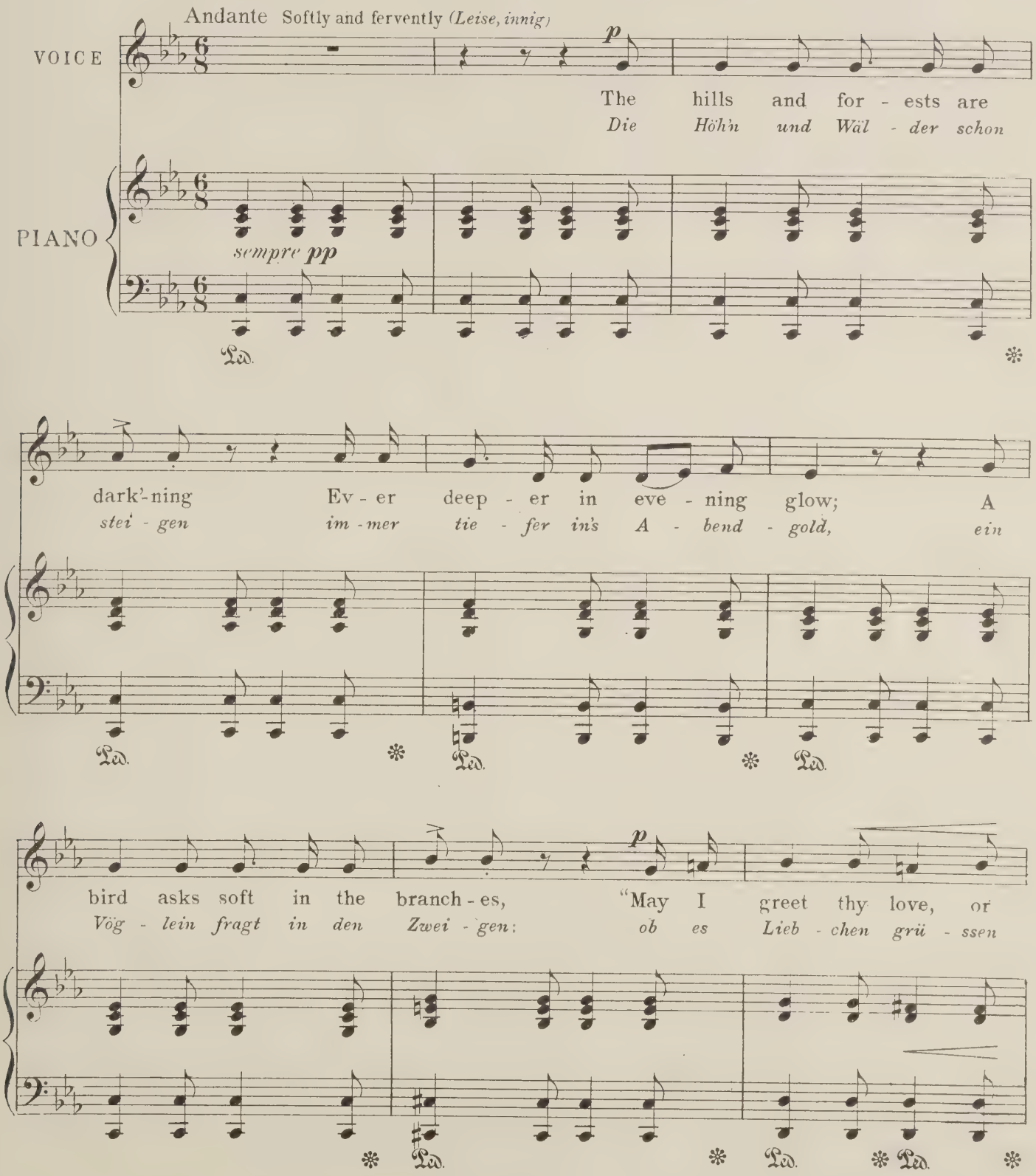
To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

FAREWELL
(GUTE NACHT)

(Original Key, D minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No. 7



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no? May I greet thy love or no?" O
sollt', ob es Lieb - chen grü - ssen sollt'? O

bird - ling, 'tis vain to de - ceive thee, No more in this vale doth she
Vög - lein, du hast dich be - tro - gen, sie woh - net nicht mehr im

dwell; Wing forth to the arch of heav - en, Greet her
Thal, schwing' auf dich zum Him - mels - bo - gen, grüss' sie

there with my last fare - - well.
dro - - ben zum letz - ten - - mal.

To Frau Dr. Livia Frege

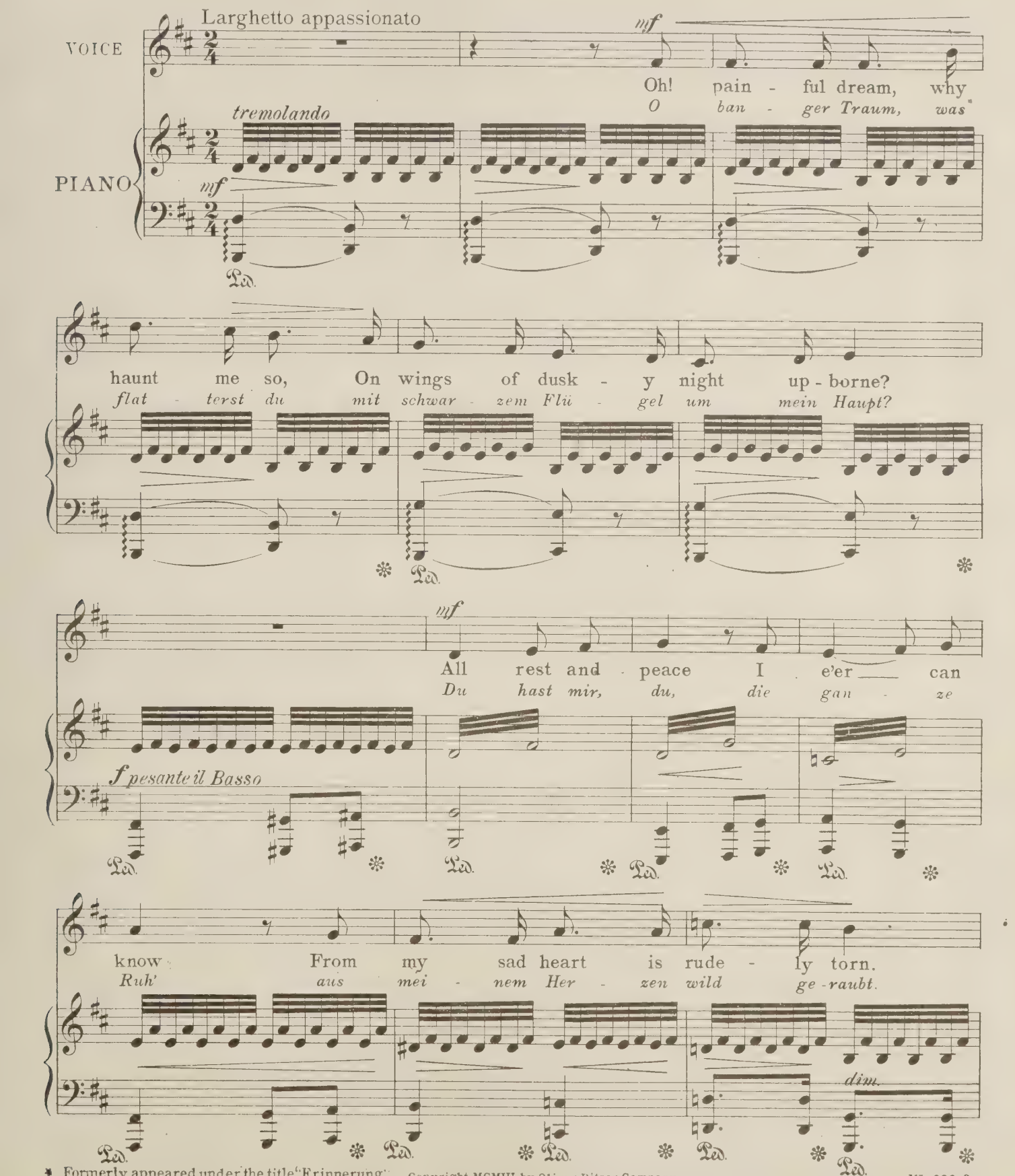
FOREBODINGS

(VERGESSEN)*

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E♭ minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 5, No 10



* Formerly appeared under the title "Erinnerung"

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I dream, I pace the riv - er's strand, The
Ich träum': ich steh' an Ba - ches Rand, die

wil - lows weep there, all for-lorn. The
Trau - er - wei - de hängt her - ein, die

p

p marcato il Basso

stream - let dies and turns to sand, The blue for - get - me - nots
Quel - le schwand, ver - dorrt im Sand sind all' die blau - en Ver -

now are gone.
giss - nicht - mein.

Più agitato
f (bewegter als vorher)

For - got - ten! ah, to
Ver - gés - sen, ach! ver -

dim.

f

be for - got By one, the dear - est heart of all-
ges - sen sein vom lieb - sten Her - zen in der Welt,

f

This is the chief, the
das ist al - lein die

f

cresc.

heav - - iest grief which on a hu - man heart can
schwer - - ste Pein die auf ein Men - schen - her - ze

cresc.

ff

fall.
fällt.

dim.

p

pp al smorzando

AS THE MOON HER TREMBLING IMAGE

(WIE DES MONDES ABBILD)

(Original Key, D♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 6, No 2

Larghetto tranquillo
Softly; with fervor *(Leise, innig, sanft getragen)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

As the moon her trem - bling im - age On the
Wie des Mon - des Ab - bild zit - tert in den

p dolce

storm - y waves im - press - es, While a - loft, in heav'n's calm
wil - den Mee - res - wo - gen, und er sel - ber still und

poco rit.

az - ure, All the world with light — she bless - es, So se-
si - cher wan-delt an den Him - mels - bo - gen. Al - so

p a tempo

poco rit.

p a tempo

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

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rene, my love, thou shin - est, As the moon - light far a -
wan - delst du, Ge - lieb - te, still und si - cher, und es

dolciss.

bove thee, While my heart for thee is break - ing, So su -
zit - tert nur dein - Ab - bild mir im Her - zen, weil mein

mf

preme - ly do I love thee.
eig' - nes Herz er - schüt - tert.

p

To Franz Liszt

SPRING'S PROFUSION
(FRÜHLINGSGEDRÄNGE)

(Original Key, D♭)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 7, No 5

Allegretto animato
Tenderly lightly (*Zart, mit Leichtigkeit*)

VOICE

PIANO

Spring's fair chil - dren in mot - ley pro - fu - sion,
Früh - lings - kin - der im bun - ten Ge - drän - ge,

Flut - ter-ing blos - soms, sweet-breath-ing flow - ers, Gay, hap-py love - songs,
flat - tern-de Blü - then, duf - ten - de Hau - che, schmach-ten-de, ju - beln-de

joy - ous il - lu - sion, Rush to my heart from each bush and
Lie - bes-ge - sän - ge stür - zen an's Herz mir aus je - dem

bow - - er.
Strau - - che.

mf

p

Spring's fair chil - dren, my heart sur - round - ing, Whis - per to me with
Früh - lings - kin - der mein Herz um - schwär - men, flü - stern hin - ein mit

p

words so ca - ress - ing, Or, with a breath - less clam - or re - sound - ing,
schmei - cheln - den Wor - ten, ru - fen hin - ein mit trun - ke - nem Lär - men,

In - to my soul's re - cess - es they're press - ing.
rüt - teln an längst ver - schlos - se - nen Pfor - ten.

p

Spring's fair chil - dren, my heart es -
Früh - - lings - kin - der, mein Herz um -

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc.

py - ing, Have ye seen what there -
rin - gend, Was doch sucht ihr da -

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

in is ly - ing? Have I be -
rin so drin - gend? Hab' ich's ver -

mf

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

trayed it, un-think - ing mor - tal! Dream - ing
ra - then euch jüngst im Trau - me, schlum - mernd

p

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

un - der the flow'r - ing myr - tle?
un - ter dem Blü - then - bau - me?

p

Or has the morn - ing - wind told the sto - ry, That in my heart, in
Brach - ten euch Mor - gen - win - de die Sa - ge dass ich im Her - zen

bliss - ful un - ion, Safe - ly hid is your play - com - pan - ion;
ein - ge - schlos - sen eu - ren lieb - li - chen Spiel - ge - nos - sen,

mf

That I in se - cret her im - age car - ry?
heim - lich und se - lig ihr Bild - niss tra - ge?

THE MESSENGER
(DER BOTE)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.8, No 1

Poco Allegretto
Gently, lightly *(Zart, leicht)*

VOICE

PIANO

The stars in the heav-ens are twin-kling so gay, Thy
Am Him-mels-grund schie-ssen so lu - stig die Stern', dein

true love sends greet-ingsfrom far, far a - way, from far, far a - way.
Schatz lässt dich grü - ssen aus wei - ter, wei-ter Fern', aus wei - ter, wei-ter Fern'.

Once by the door all un - no-ticed hung a lute, my de - light; The
Hat ei - ne Zi - ther ge - han-gen an der Thür un - be - acht; der

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strings were stirred gen tly by the breez - es at night, by the breez - es at

Wind ist ge - gan - gen durch die Sai - ten bei Nacht, durch die Sai - ten bei

night. Up it flew from the trel - lis o - ver the

Nacht. Schwang sich auf dann vom Git - ter ü - ber die

moun - tains, o - ver fields;- The lute is my heart, joy - ous the mu - sic it

Ber - ge, ü - ber'n Wald- mein Herz ist die Zi - ther, giebt ei - nen fröh - li chen

yields, joy - ous the mu - sic it yields.

Schall, giebt ei - nen fröh - li - chen Schall.

CALM AT SEA
(MEERESSTILLE)

(Original Key, B minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by M. A. Robinson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No 2

Andante con moto
In ballad tone (*Im Balladenton*)

VOICE

PIANO

I lean from the ship, while gaz - ing In-to the depths be - low, Where
Ich seh' von des Schif-fes Ran - de tief in die Fluth hin - ein: Ge -

moun - tains and ver - dant mead - ows, And ru - ins of long a -
bir - ge und grü - ne Lan - de und Trüm - mer im fal - ben

go, And point - ed tur - rets greet me,
Schein, und za - cki - ge Thürm' im Grun - de,

As they oft did my dreams de - light; They
wie ich's oft mir im Traum ge - dacht, das

all be - neath me are gleam - ing Like un - to a beau - ti - ful
däm - mert Al - les da un - ten als wie ei - ne präch - ti - ge

night.
Nacht.

p

dim.

mf (*mf*)

The sea - king, up - on his watch - - tow'r,
See - kö - nig auf sei - ner War - - te

p

mf

mf

Sits in the twi - light deep, As if, with his
sitzt in der Däm - me - rung tief, als ob er mit

beard so hoar - y, O'er his harp he'd
lan - gem Bar - te ü - ber sei - ner

fal - len a - sleep.
Har - fe schlief.

dim.

p

Ped. * Ped. Ped. * Ped.

Più moto

mf A - bove him the ships are sail - ing, He
Da kom - men und ge - hen die Schif - fe da -

p *dim.* *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

rall. p

heeds them with nev - er a glance; From
rü - ber, er mer - ket es kaum, von

rall. dim.

cor - al reef he greets
sei - nem Co - ral - len - rif - - -

p

Tempo I

p

them, As in a dream - y trance, as
fe grüsst er sie wie im Traum, grüsst

p

in a dream - y trance.
er sie wie im Traum.

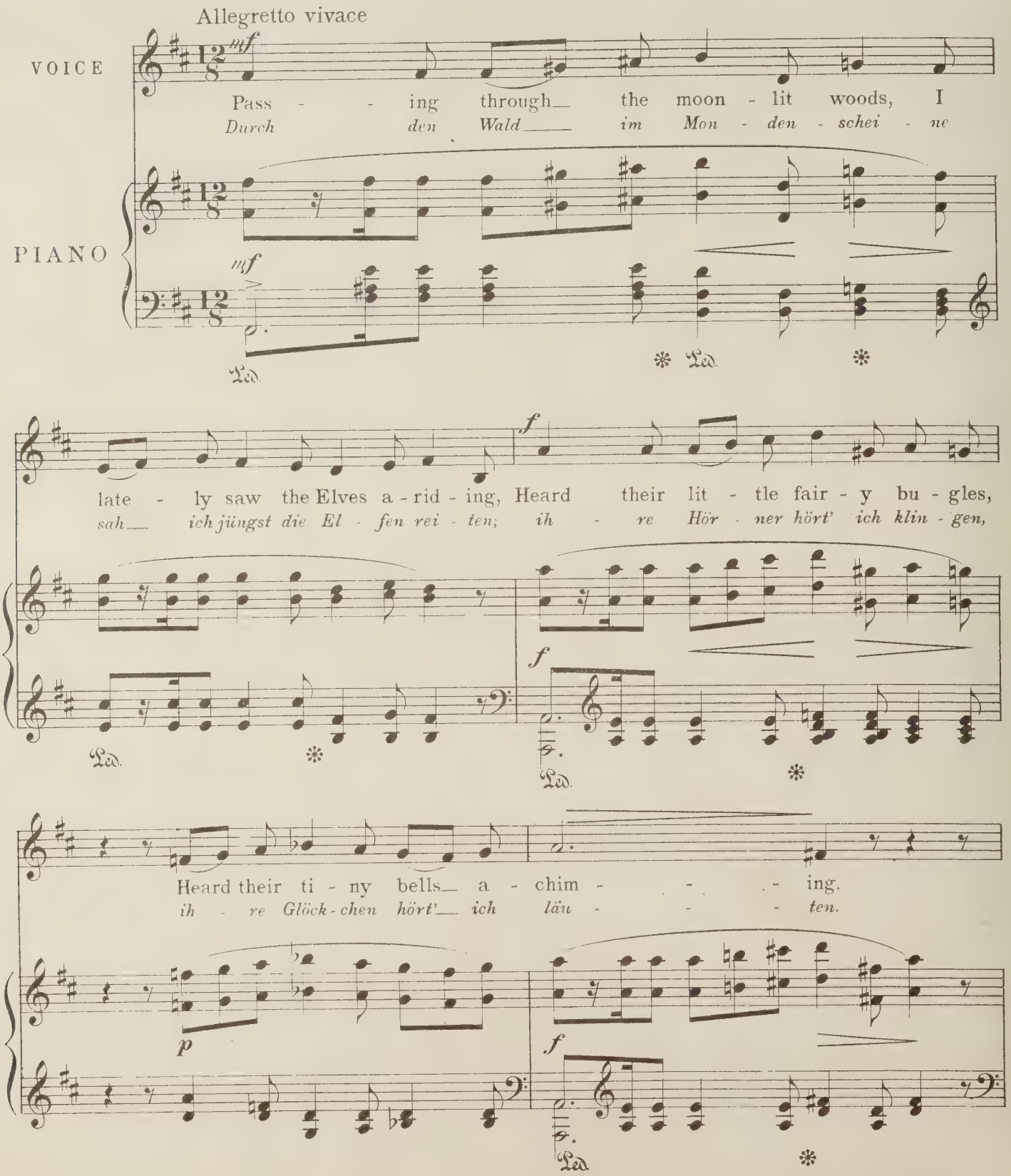
To Otto Dresel

PASSING THROUGH THE MOONLIT WOODS
(DURCH DEN WALD IM MONDENSCHEINE)

(Original Key, C♯ minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, Nº 3



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mf

From the brows of their white hors - es Gold - en ant - lers were ex-tend - ing;

Ih - re wei - ssen Röss - lein tru - gen güld' - nes Hirsch - ge - weih' und flo - gen

mf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

On they sped like swans in mo - tion, Thro' the air their swift way

rasch da - hin, wie wil - de Schwä - ne kam es durch die Luft ge -

mf *p*

Ped. Ped. *

wend - - ing. Then their Queen, she smiled and nod - ded,

zo - - gen. Lä - chelnd nick - te mir die Kön' - gin,

p

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

As she kept her course un-bro-ken.
lä-chelnd im Vor-ü-ber-rei-ten.

pp

Slow
(Langsam)

mf

Shall new love my heart en-rap-ture, Or did death her smile be-
Galt das mei-ner neu-en Lie-be o-der soll es Tod be-

mf

rit.

to-ken?
deu-ten?

rit. *pp a tempo*

smorzando

marcato

To Otto Dresel

TEMPEST AND STORM-FURIES SHRIEKING!
(DAS IST EIN BRAUSEN UND HEULEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, F minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No 4

Agitated and passionate *(Aufgeregt, leidenschaftlich)*

VOICE

f

Tem-pest and storm-fu-ries shriek-ing! Black skies and rain sheets a-bove!
Das ist ein Brau-sen und Heu-len, Herbst-nacht und Re-gen und Wind!

PIANO

f (tremolando)

mf

Where is the maid I'm seek-ing, My far-off, lone-ly
Wo mag wohl je-tzo wei-len mein ar-mes, ban-ges

f

mf

love?
Kind?

p

espressivo

p

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quieter than before
(ruhiger als vorher)

pp

Me - thinks that she sits at her
Ich seh' sie am Fen - ster

pp

Ped. * Ped. *

case - ment With eyes full of tears and pain, And
leh - nen, im ein - sam - en Käm - mer - lein; das

mf

cresc.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped.

ga - zes with bit - ter long - ing In - to the night and rain.
Au - ge ge - füllt mit Thrä - nen starrt in die Nacht hin - ein.

slowly with breadth
(langsam, breit)

p

ten.

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

STORMY NIGHT
(GEWITTERNACHT)

(Original Key, Ebminor)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 8, No 6

Allegro maestoso ed appassionato
With utmost energy (*Mit grösster Energie*)

VOICE

PIANO

f — *sempre ff*

Rage, thou tem - pest, fierc - er and fierc - er, Roar still loud - er, thou deep - rol - ling thun - der, Ope to the light - ning the cloud - y por - tal, That it may rend the dark - ness a - sun - der.

Grol - le lau - ter, zür - nend Ge - wit - ter, Sturm - wind, ra - se, du wil - der Ge - sel - le, öff - ne dem Blitz das Wol - ken - git - ter, dass er die schwar - ze Nacht mir er - hel - le.

ff

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p

Com - fort I find, O
Tröst - lich ist mir, o

p

cresc.

heav'n, in thy ra - ging; Doubt filled my bos - om, my blood mad - ly sur - ging,
Him - mel, dein Ha - dern: Zwei - fel im Her - zen, Zorn in den A - dern,

cresc.

f

When from my loved one now I did sev - er. No kiss, no word;
bin ich von mei - nem Mäd - chen ge - schie - den, ohn' Kuss und Wort

f

ff *ten.* *p*

So I went forth In the tem - pest and night, peace gone for -
so ging ich fort in die grol len - de Nacht und su - che

colla parte

pp

rit.

ev - er. Woe! no
Frie - den. Weh! auf

pp *rit.* *a tempo* *rit.* *ff*

more my bos - om may cher - ish That sweet hope of a bliss - ful
e - wig ist mir ver - lo - ren je - nes se - li - ge Glück des

ff

un - ion Which her eyes' fond look oft has prom - ised, And in the
Bun - des, das ihr Au - ge mir zu - ge - schwo - ren und der

ff

glow of our lips' com - mun - ion.
glü - hen - de Hauch des Mun - des.

ff

p

Dreams of my youth, all too soon have ye van - ished,
Träu - me der Ju - gend, wie seid ihr ver - flo - gen,

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. *f*

False like her fond vows, truth ye have ban - ished! Sharp - ly goes through my
falsch wie die Schwü - re, habt ihr ge - lo - gen! Schnei - dend fühl' ich durch's

cresc. *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf *p* *rit.*

heart an an - guish Like light-ning's glare: "She loved me ne'er"!
Herz mir be - ben das Blit - zes - licht: sie liebt mich nicht!

mf *p* *rit.* *dim.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p *ad lib.* *rit.*

— My heart now is bro-ken, why long-er lan-guish?
— *mein Herz ist ge - bro-chen, was soll ich le - ben?*

colla parte *a tempo*

pp *rit.*

Ped. ✻

ff

Chide thou loud - er, voice of the
Grol - le lau - ter, Ge - wit - ter -

rit. *ff*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

poco rit. *ff a tempo*

tem - pest, Flam - ing heav - en wild and au - da - cious, Let in my
stim - me, flam - men - der Him - mel, wild und ver - mes - sen, lass mich

poco rit. *a tempo*

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

heart thy wrath be re - ech - oed, Let me for - get her, so cold and un-
ei - fern mit dei - nem Grim - me, lass die Kal - te mich e - wig ver-

ff

gra - cious!
ges - sen!

rall.
decresc.

p

Larghetto
with deepest feeling *(mit innigster Empfindung)*

p

But thou art mute, in rain gen-tly flow-ing, Bless - ing for an - ger,
A - ber du schweigst, in säu - seln-den Re - gen wan - delt dein Zorn sich,

pp dolce

dolce

Heav'n, thou'rt be - stow - ing, Tears of af - fec - tion my full heart re - lieve ye,
Him - mel, in Se - gen. Thrä - nen der Lie - be, o rie - selt nie - der.

Ah! reft of thee, what's life to me! Maid - en, thou dear - est,
Ach! oh - ne sie ge - nes' ich nie! Mäd - chen, Ge - lieb - te,

p espress.

love me as I love thee!
lie - be mich wie - der!

To Joseph Fischhof

REQUEST
(BITTE)

(Original Key, D♭)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802-1850)
a) Translated by Arthur Westbrook
b) Translated by J. C. Johnson

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 9, No 3
(1815-1892)

Larghetto sostenuto *(mit tiefster Innigkeit)*

VOICE

PIANO

p *legato*

Turn to me, dark eye so ten - der, Let me
a) Weil auf mir, du dunk - les Au - ge, ii - be
b) On me turn thy spark - ling lus - tre, Dark eye,

feel thy gen - tle might. With thy grave and dream - y
dei - ne gan - ze Macht. ern - ste, mil - de, träu - me -
fill'd with gen - tle light, Ear - nest, mild, with dream - light

sweet - ness, Thine un - fath - om'd, won - drous night.
ri - sche, un - er - gründ - lich sü - sse Nacht.
beam - ing, Fair as day, and calm as night!

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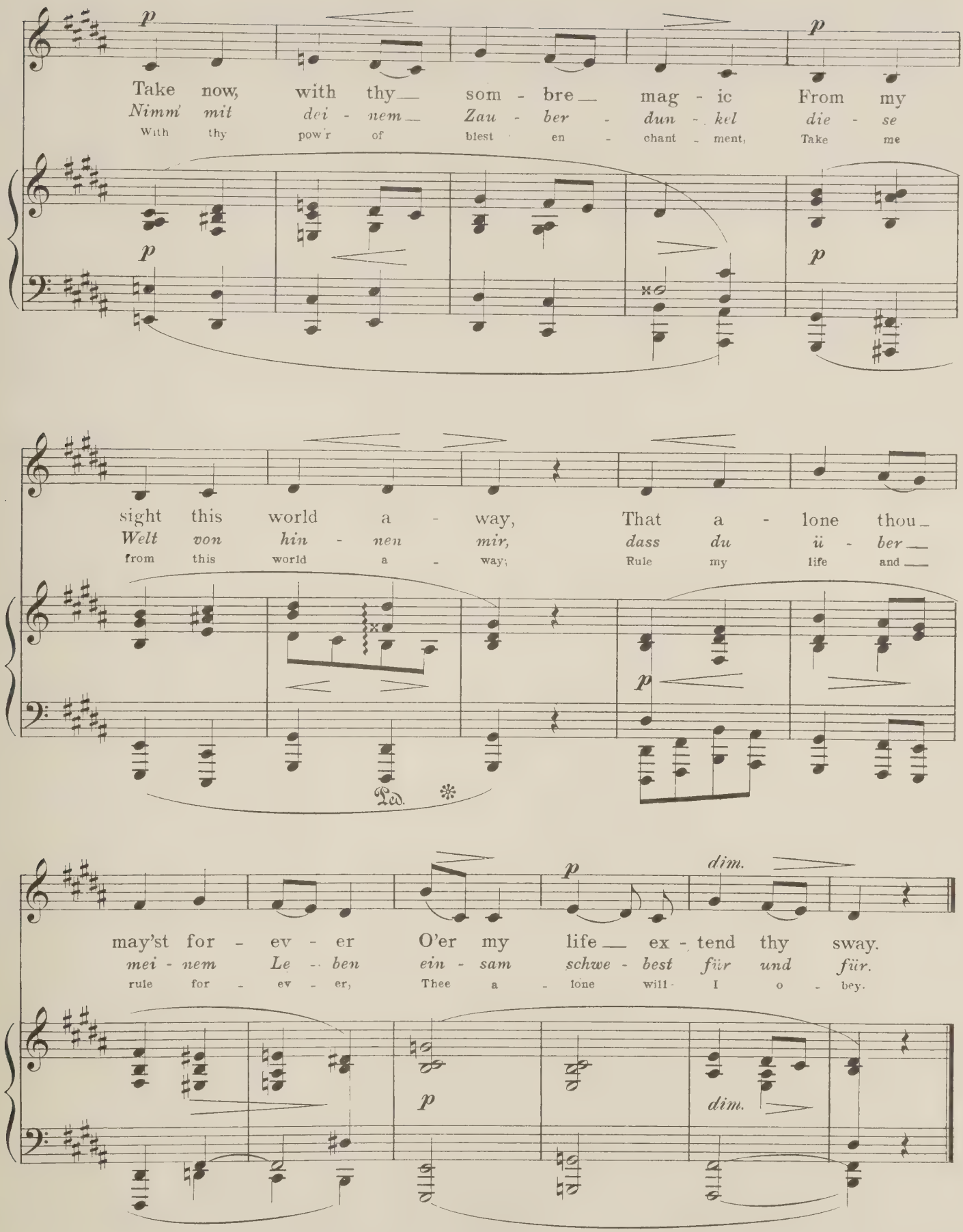

p
Take now, with thy som - bre mag - ic From my
Nimm' mit dei - nem Zau - ber - dun - kel die - se
With thy pow'r of blest en - chant - ment, Take me
p
p
sight this world a - way, That a - lone thou
Welt von hin - nen mir, dass du ü - ber
from this world a - way; Rule my life and
p
Ped.
p
dim.
may'st for - ev - er O'er my life ex - tend thy sway.
mei - nem Le - ben ein - sam schwe - best für und für.
rule for - ev - er, Thee a - lone will - I o - bey.
p
dim.

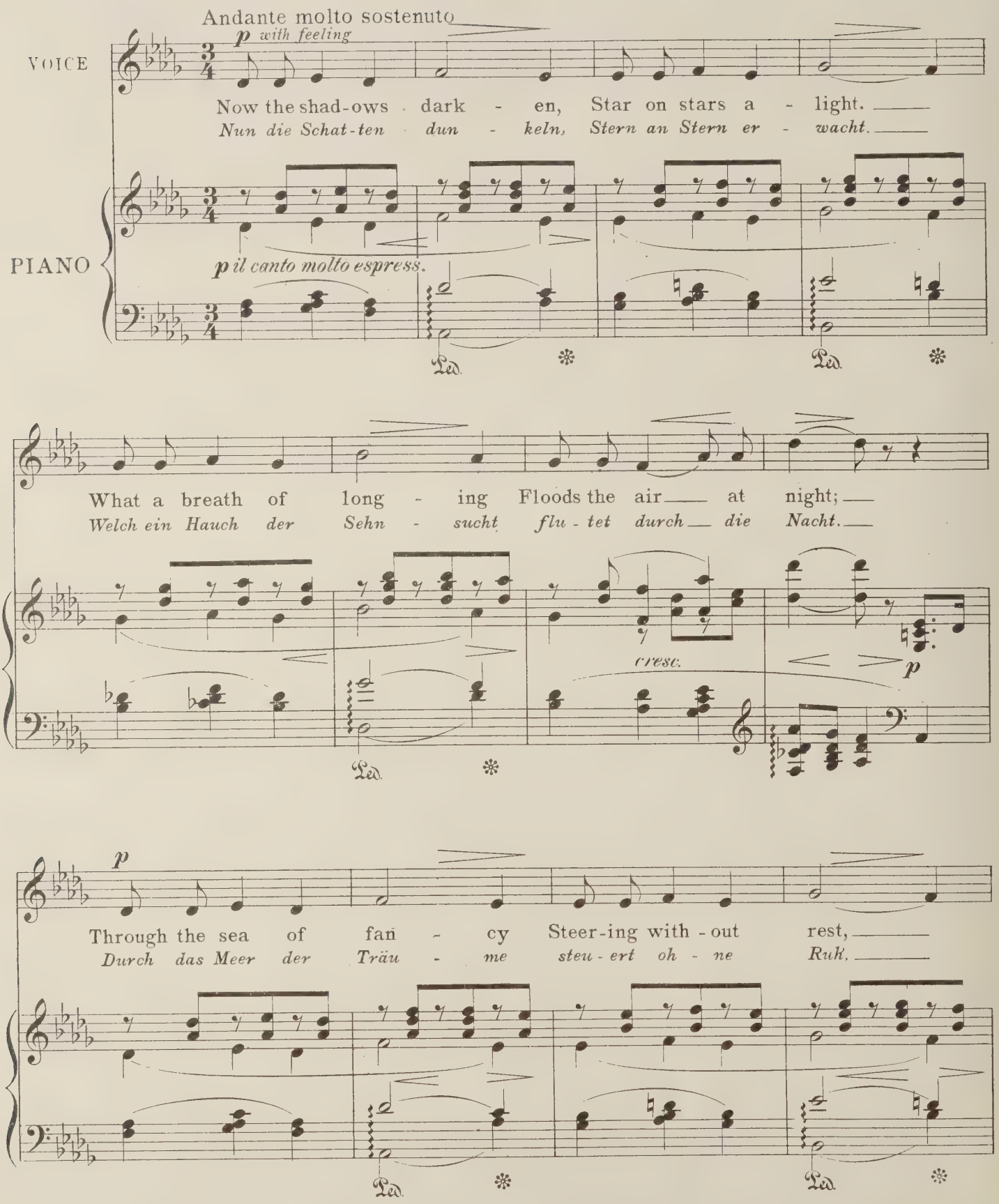
To Frl. Louise von Platen

FOR MUSIC
(FÜR MUSIC)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815-1884)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

(Original Key, G♭)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No. 1
(1815-1892)



Seeks my soul thy spir - it, Ha-ven, oh, how blest.
steu - ert mei - ne See - le Dei - ner See - le zu.

cresc. *p*

p

Take my heart's de - vo - tion, Thine it is a - lone!
Die sich dir er - ge - ben, nimm sie ganz da - hin!

cresc. *mf* *p*

Ah, thou know'st that nev - er I have been my own, have been my own.
Ach, du weisst, dass nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, mein ei - gen bin.

cresc. *mf* *p*

To Frl. Louise von Platen

HARK! HOW STILL
(STILLE SICHERHEIT)

(Original Key, D♭)

NIKOLAUS LENAU (1802–1850)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 10, No. 2

Andantino con moto

VOICE

PIANO

Hark! how still the dusk-y wood has grown!
Horch, wie still es wird im dun-keln Hain,

R.H. L.H.

Maid - en, we are safe and all a-lone. Eve - ning
Mäd - chen, wir sind si-cher und al-lein. Still ver -

bells on all the mead-ows round Die a-way with faint and
läu - selt hier am Wie - sen - hang schon der A - bend - glo - cken

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p

wear - y sound. On the blos-soms that be-side thee blushed Zeph - yr,
müd - der Klang. Auf den Blu-men die sich dir ver - neigt, schlief das

pp

fall-ing fast a - sleep, is hushed. I may tell thee now, for we're a-
letz - te Lüftchen ein und schweigt. Sa-gen darf ich dir, wir sind a-

pp *pp*

pp

lone, That my heart is ev - er - more thine own.
lein, das mein Herz ist e - wig, e - wig dein.

mf *cresc.* *f*

cresc. *mf* *cresc.* *f* L.H. *dim.* *p*

THOUGH THE ROSES NOW FLOURISH
(UND DIE ROSEN, DIE PRANGEN)

(Original Key, C minor)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.10, No 5

Andantino Simply *(Einfach)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Tho' the ró - ses now flour - ish, Soon will blow the cold
Und die Ro - sen, die pran - gen, drü - ber - hin fährt der

p sempre legato

Ped. *

poco rit.

winds, And en - joy - ment will fade Ere it scarce - ly be -
Wind, und die Lust ist ver - gan - gen fast eh' sie be -

poco rit.

a tempo

p

gins. Songs of birds are re - sound - ing Far and wide o'er the
ginnt. Und die Vög - lein, die sin - gen, und die Luft, die ver -

a tempo

p

Ped. *

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cresc.

land, All the air rings with mu - sic, Yet
weht's, durch die Welt geht ein Klin - gen und

cresc.

none un - der - stand. And the stars shi - ning
Kei - ner ver - steht's. Und die Ster ne, die

p

ten. pp ten. p

clear - ly, Their night - ly watch keep, But 'mid this great
schei - nen so hell durch die Nacht, ich a - ber muss

cresc. f

cresc. f

splen-dor I on - ly can weep.
wei - nen in - mit - ten der Pracht.

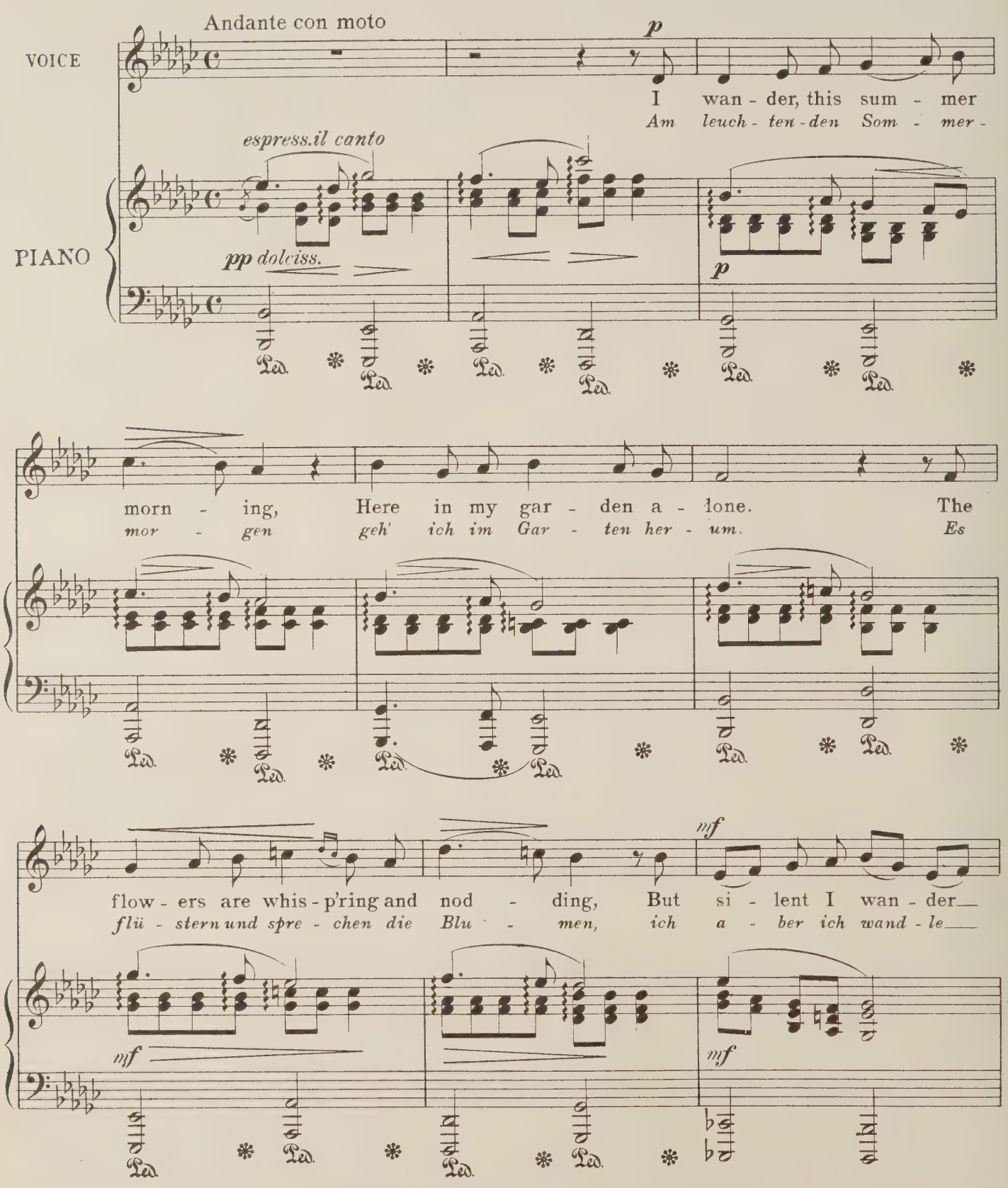
p p p

I WANDER THIS SUMMER MORNING
(AM LEUCHTENDEN SOMMERMORGEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, G minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.11, No 2



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on. The flow - ers are whis - p'ring and
stumm. Es flü - stern und spre - chen die

nod - ding; My face with com - pas - sion they scan: "For -
Blu - men und schau - en mit - lei - dig mich an: sei

give our sis - ter," they're plead - ing, "Thou care-worn and sor-row-ful
un - ser Schwe - ster nicht bö - se, du trau - ri - ger, blas - ser

man!"
Mann.

A CHURCHYARD
(EIN FRIEDHOF)

MAX WALDAU (1822-1855)
Translated by Diana V. Ashton

(Original Key, C minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 13, No 3

Andante con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

Phan-toms of flames now ex-tin-guished Flick-er o-ver the
Sche-men er-lo-sche-ner Flam-men fä-chern ü-ber das

fen; Tears from burn-ing lash-es Hang on the reeds like
Moor; Thrä-nen bren-nen-der Wim-pern flim-mern als Thau am

rain. Graves with with-er'd gar-lands, Fa-ded heart in each breast.
Rohr. Wel-ke Krän-ze am Gra-be, wel-ke Her-zen da-rin,

p *cresc.*

Soft-ly rus-tle the wil-lows, Peace and e-ter-nal rest.
lei-se rau-schen die Wei-den, Frie-den da-rü-ber hin.

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

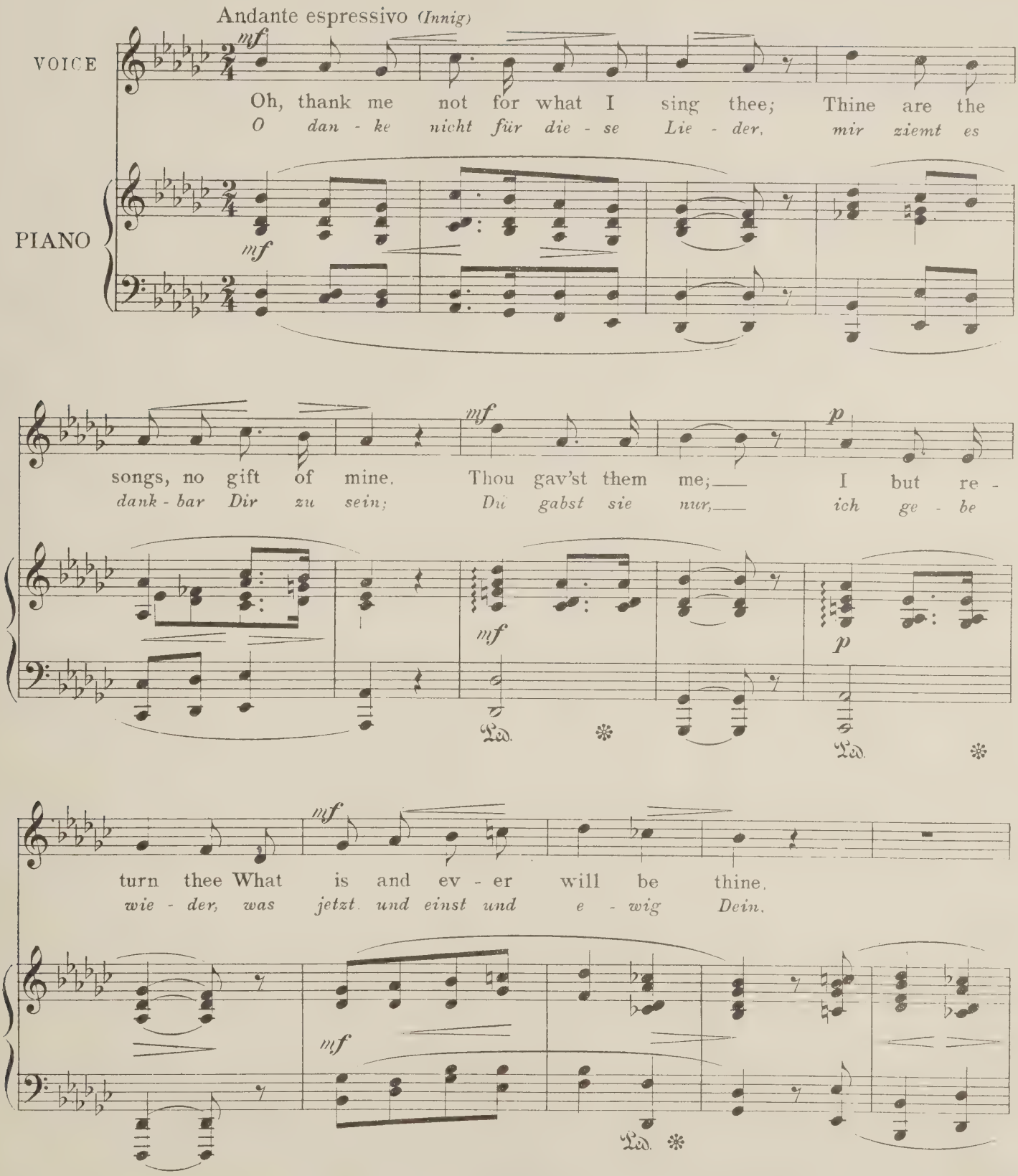
To Frl. Hermine Haller

DEDICATION
(WIDMUNG)

(Original Key, A♭)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816 - 1873)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, No. 1
(1815 - 1892)



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mf

Thine were they ev - 'ry one for ev - er. The light___ which

Dein sind sie al - le ja ge we - sen. Aus Dei - - ner

mf

in thy dear eyes shone Tru - ly hath taught me how___ to

lie - ben Au - gen Licht hab' ich sie treu - lich ab - ge -

mf *p*

mf *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

read them; Dost thou not know___ they are___ thine own,___

le - sen, kennst Du die eig - nen Lie - der nicht?___

pp

pp

f *p*

Dost thou not know___ they are___ thine own?___

kennst Du die eig - - nen Lie - der nicht?___

f *p*

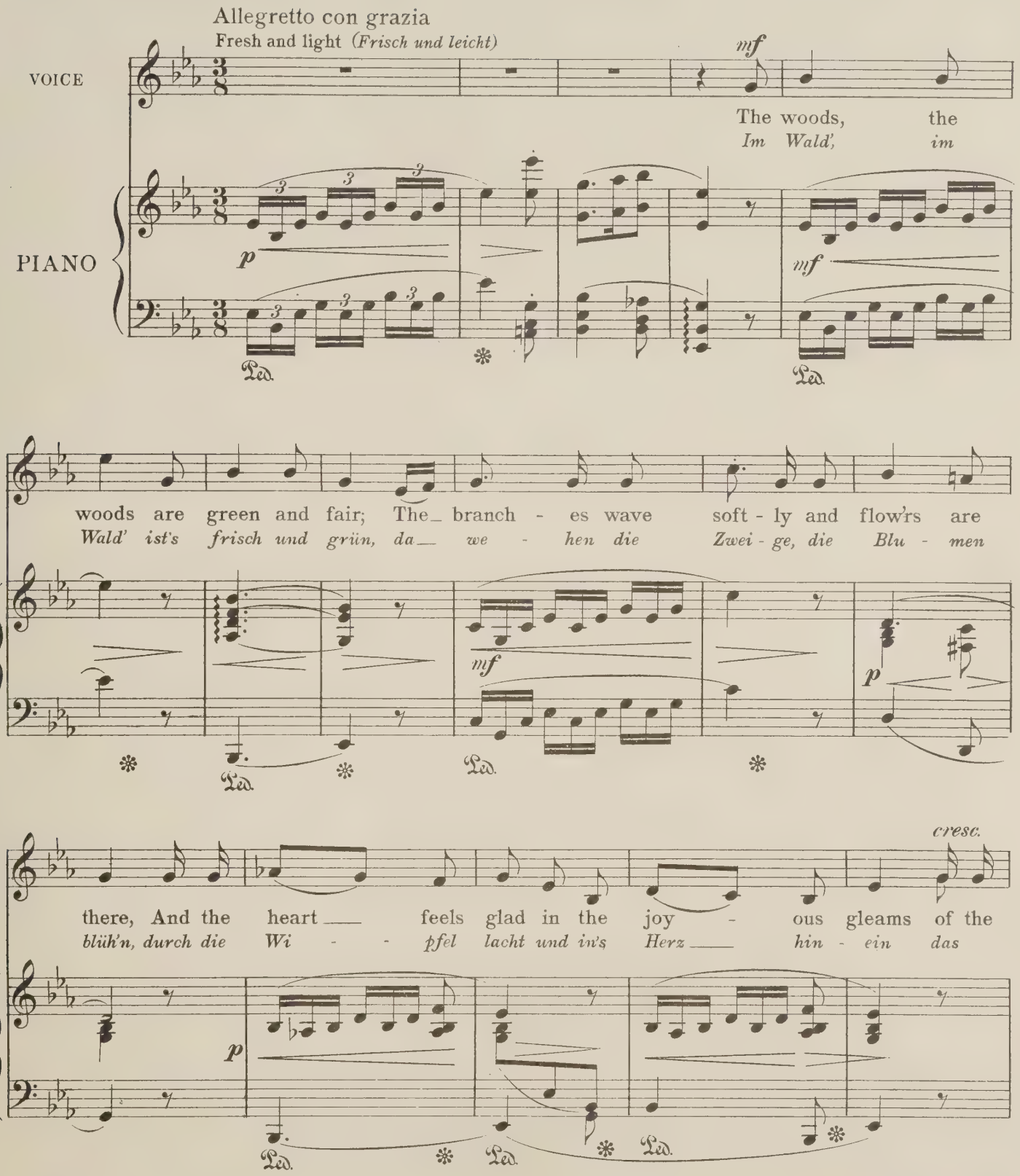
To Frl. Hermine Haller

IN THE WOODS
(WALDFAHRT)

(Original Key, G)

F. KÖRNER
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 14, № 3



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p

clear blue sky and the sun's bright beams In wood - lands, sha-dy wood -

Him - mel - blau und der Son - nen - schein im Wald', im küh - len Wal -

cresc. *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

mf

lands. The woods, the woods are the realm of love; The_

*de. Im Wald', im Wald' ist der Lie - be Reich, da_*

mf *mf*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p

birds trill their songs in the boughs a - bove; The flow'rs_ by breez-es are kiss'd and ca -

sin - gen die Vög - lein auf je - dem Zweig, da wiegt_ die Blu-men ein ko - sen - der

p *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc. *p*

ress'd, And I kiss and cra-dle thee on my breast, In wood - lands,

Wind, und ich wieg' und kü - sse dich, herz' - ges Kind, im Wald', im

cresc. *p*

Ped. * Ped. *

mf

sha - dy wood - lands. When red through the boughs streams the
küh - len Wal - de. Glüht roth durch die Zwei - ge der

mf *mf*

Ped. Ped.

p *p*

eve - ning light, And twi - light calm - ly doth her - ald night,
A - bend - schein und däm - mert lei - se die Nacht her - ein.

p

Ped.

mf *cresc.*

Wend we our way, and seek — our rest; — Still the en - chant-ment doth
dann zieh'n wir heim, dann klingt — und blüht — Wald - lust Wald - rau-schen noch

mf *cresc.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

f

fill our breast Of wood - lands, sha - dy wood - lands.
durch's Ge - müth vom Wald', vom küh - len Wal - de.

f

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

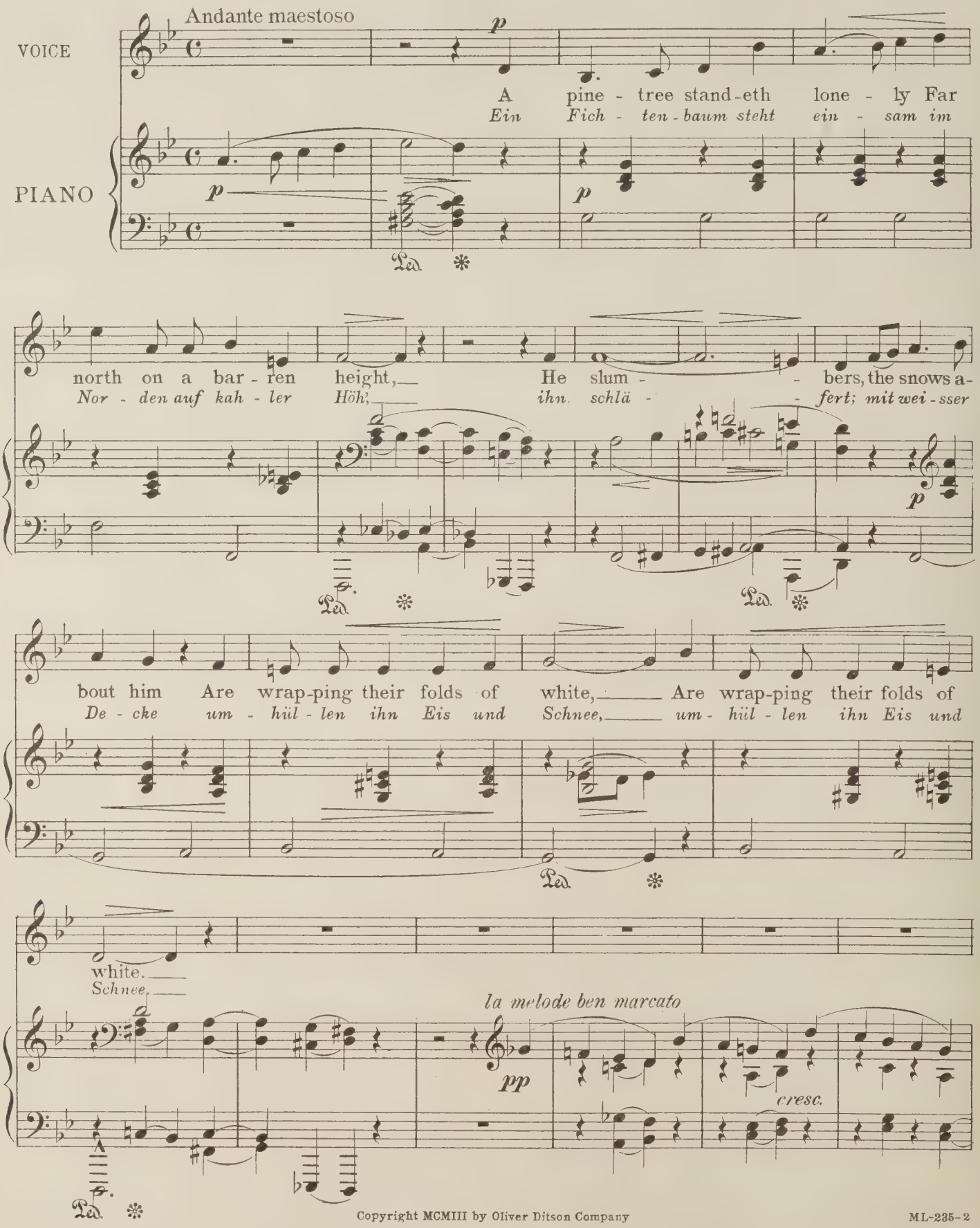
To Frau Sophie, Erbgrossherzogin zu Sachsen-Weimar

THE PINE-TREE
(DER FICHTENBAUM)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Ellen Frothingham

(Original Key, Db)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 16, No 3



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with fervor
(mit Wärme und Innigkeit)

p

His dreams are of a palm - tree, Who
Er träumt, von ei - ner Pal - me, die

f *p*

far in east - ern lands Si - lent - ly stand - eth,
fern im Mor - gen - land, ein - sam und schwei - gend

cre - -

griev - ing A - lone on her burn - ing sands.
trau - ert auf bren - nen - der Fel - sen - wand.

scen - - do *dim.* *p*

decresc. *pp*

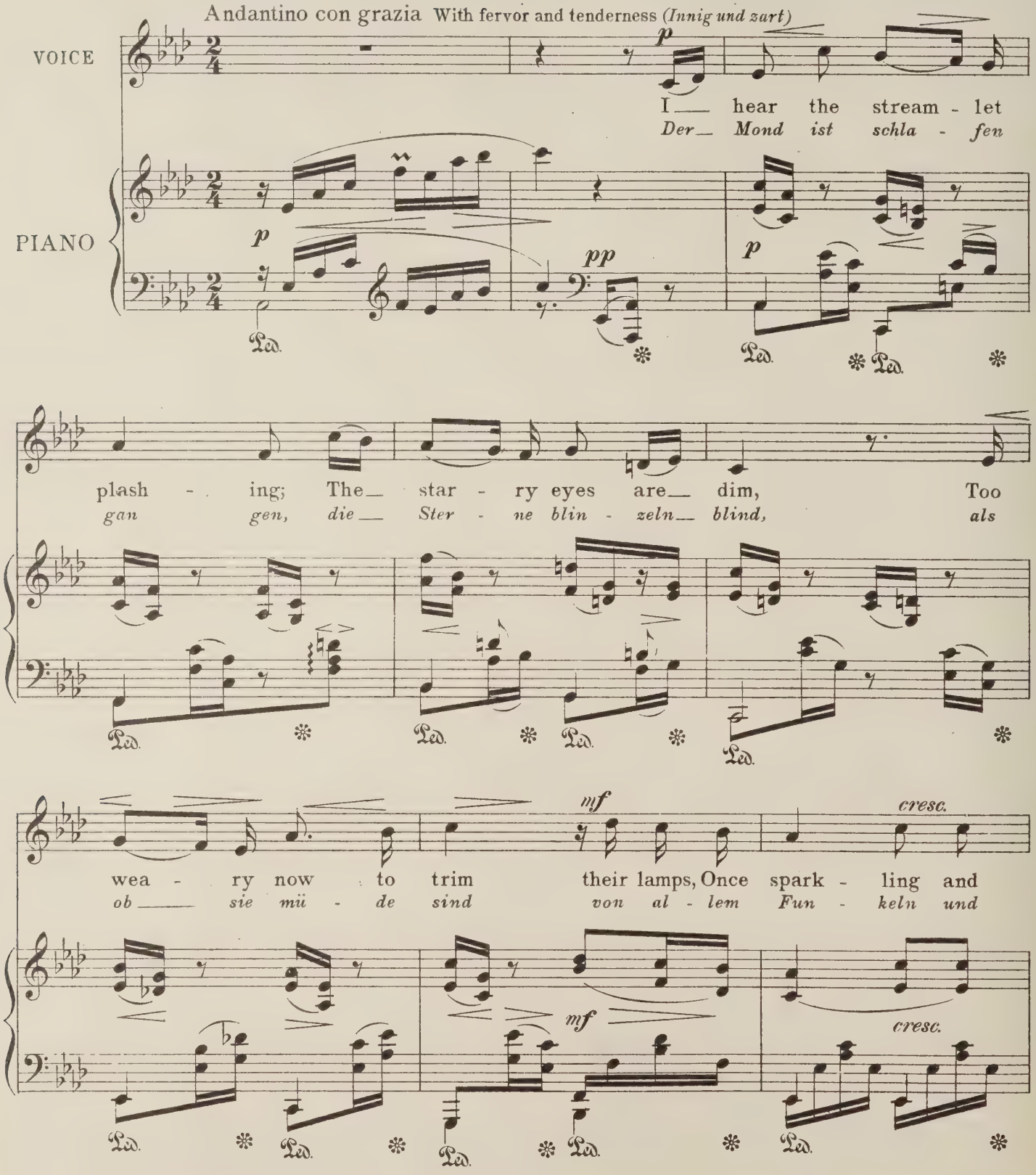
To Joseph Tichatscheck

SERENADE
(STÄNDCHEN)

(Original Key, B)

KARL WILHELM OSTERWALD (1820-1887)
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 17, No 2



p

flash - - ing. And at my win - dow
Pran - - gen. Und vor dem Fen - ster

p *pp* *p*

pon - d'ring, Whis - pers, so soft and kind, A
lei - se säu - selt so lieb und lind ein

softly
(leicht)

gen - tly mur - m'ring wind; I hail it in its
fri - scher Früh - lings - wind; ich wünsch' ihm gu - te

mf

p

wan-d'ring. Now it bears a mes-sage from me; "Hap-py
Rei-se, Und hörst du's sach-te po-chen: "Gu-te

pp *p*

rest, hap-py rest, my child!" Dost hear its mes-sage
Nacht, gu-te Nacht, mein Kind!" Dich grüsst der Früh-lings-

softly
(leicht)

mild? It prom-is'd it would greet thee.
wind; er hat es mir ver-spro-chen.

mf *pp*

IN AUTUMN
(IM HERBST)

WOLFGANG MÜLLER (1816-1873)
Translated by Elisabeth Rücker

(Original Key, C minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 17, № 6

Allegro maestoso Gloomily *(Düster)*

VOICE

PIANO

The heath - er is brown, once bloom - ing so red; The birch tree, once green, is bared to the blast; Once twain we did roam, now walk I a - lone; Oh! sor - row-ful Au - tumn, I would it were past! A -

Die Hai - de ist braun, einst blüh - te sie roth; die Bir - ke ist kahl, grün war einst ihr Kleid; einst ging ich zu zwei'n, jetzt geh' ich al - lein; weh' ü - ber den Herbst und die gram - vol - le Zeit! o

molto rit. *mf* *a tempo*

las, a - las! Oh! sor - row - ful Au - tumn, I would it were past!

weh, o weh! weh' ü - ber den Herbst und die gram - vol - le Zeit!

molto rit. *a tempo*

pp *mf*

Ped. ✻

p

Once blos - som'd the ro - ses, now with - er they all; The

Einst blüh - ten die Ro - sen, jetzt wel - ken sie all; voll

p

f

flow' - rets, once fra - grant, now 'with - er a - way; Once

Duft war die Blu - me, nun zog er her - aus: einst

p mf

two gath-ered flow'rs, Now I pluck a - lone; All flow'rs are with-er'd and

pflückt' ich zu zwei'n, jetzt pflück' ich al - lein; das wird ein dür - rer, ein

f p mf

molto rit. pp mf a tempo

scent - less to - day! A - las, a - las! All flow'rs are with - er'd and

duft - lo - ser Strauss! o weh, o weh! Das wird ein dür - rer, ein

molto rit. a tempo

pp mf

Ped. *

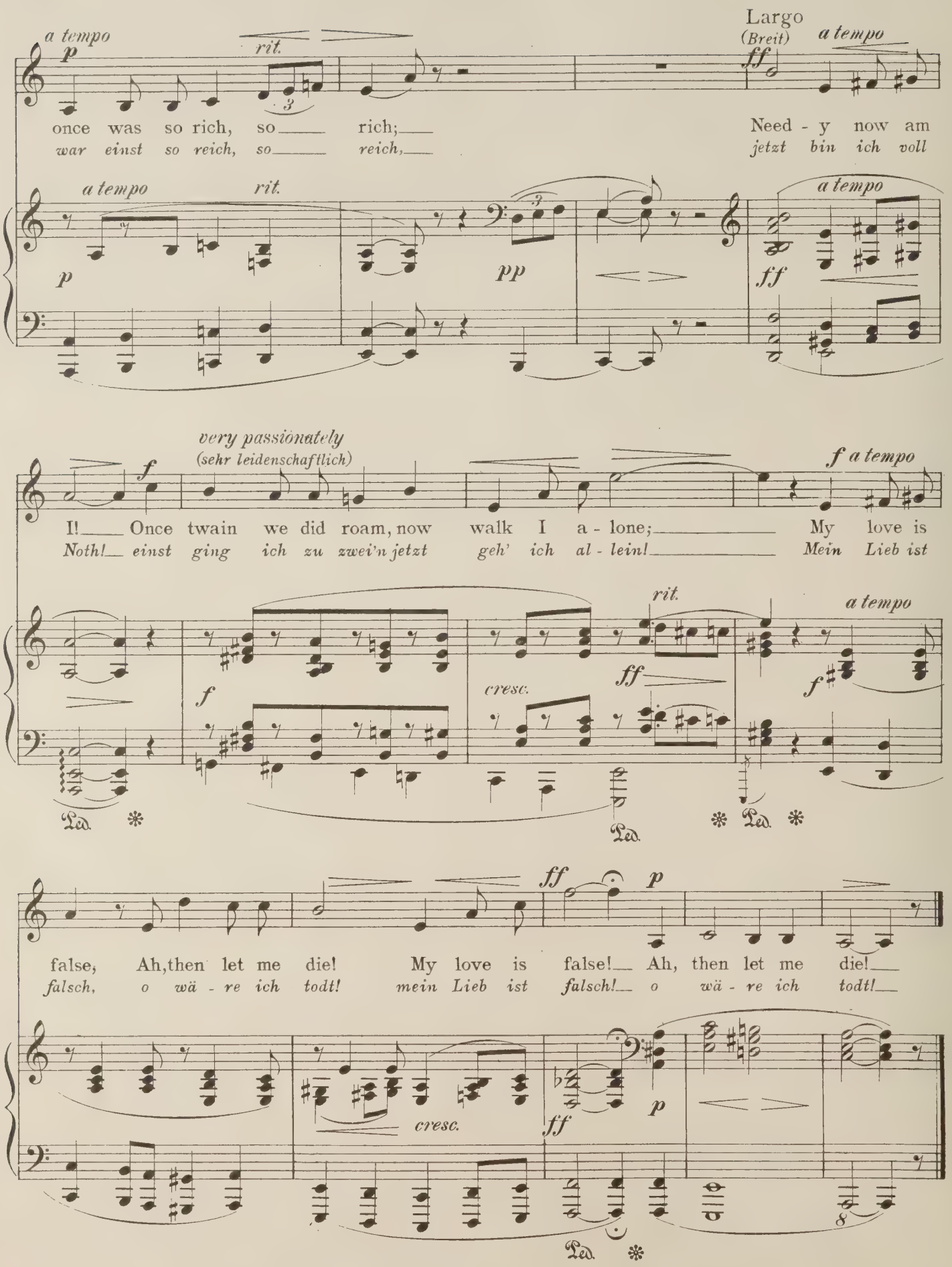
p Più lento

scent-less to-day! The world is so drear that once was so sweet; I

duft - lo - ser Strauss. Die Welt ist so öd', sie war einst so schön; ich

p

Ped. *


a tempo
p
rit.
once was so rich, so rich;
war einst so reich, so reich,
Largo
(Breit)
ff
a tempo
Need - y now am
jetzt bin ich voll
a tempo
rit.
p
pp
a tempo
ff
very passionately
(sehr leidenschaftlich)
f
I! Once twain we did roam, now walk I a - lone;
Noth! einst ging ich zu zwei'n jetzt geh' ich al - lein!
f a tempo
My love is
Mein Lieb ist
f
rit.
cresc.
ff
a tempo
f
false, Ah, then let me die!
falsch, o wä - re ich todt!
ff
p
My love is false! Ah, then let me die!
mein Lieb ist falsch! o wä - re ich todt!
cresc.
ff
p

To Herr and Frau von Milde

MARIE

(MARIE)

(Original Key, F)

RUDOLF GOTTSCHALL (1823-)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.18, No 1

Andantino Very fervently *(Sehr innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Ma - rie, thou watch - est from thy bower, Thou gen-tle, love - ly
Ma - rie, am Fen - ster sit - zest du, du lie - bes, sü - sses

maid, How sweet-ly flow - er plays with flow'r, By eve-ning zeph - yrs
Kind, und siehst dem Spiel der Blü - then zu, ver - weht im A - - bend -

swayed. And, if a stran - ger pass - es there, He soft - ly bares his
wind. Der Wand'rer der vor - ü - ber geht, er lüf - tet fromm den

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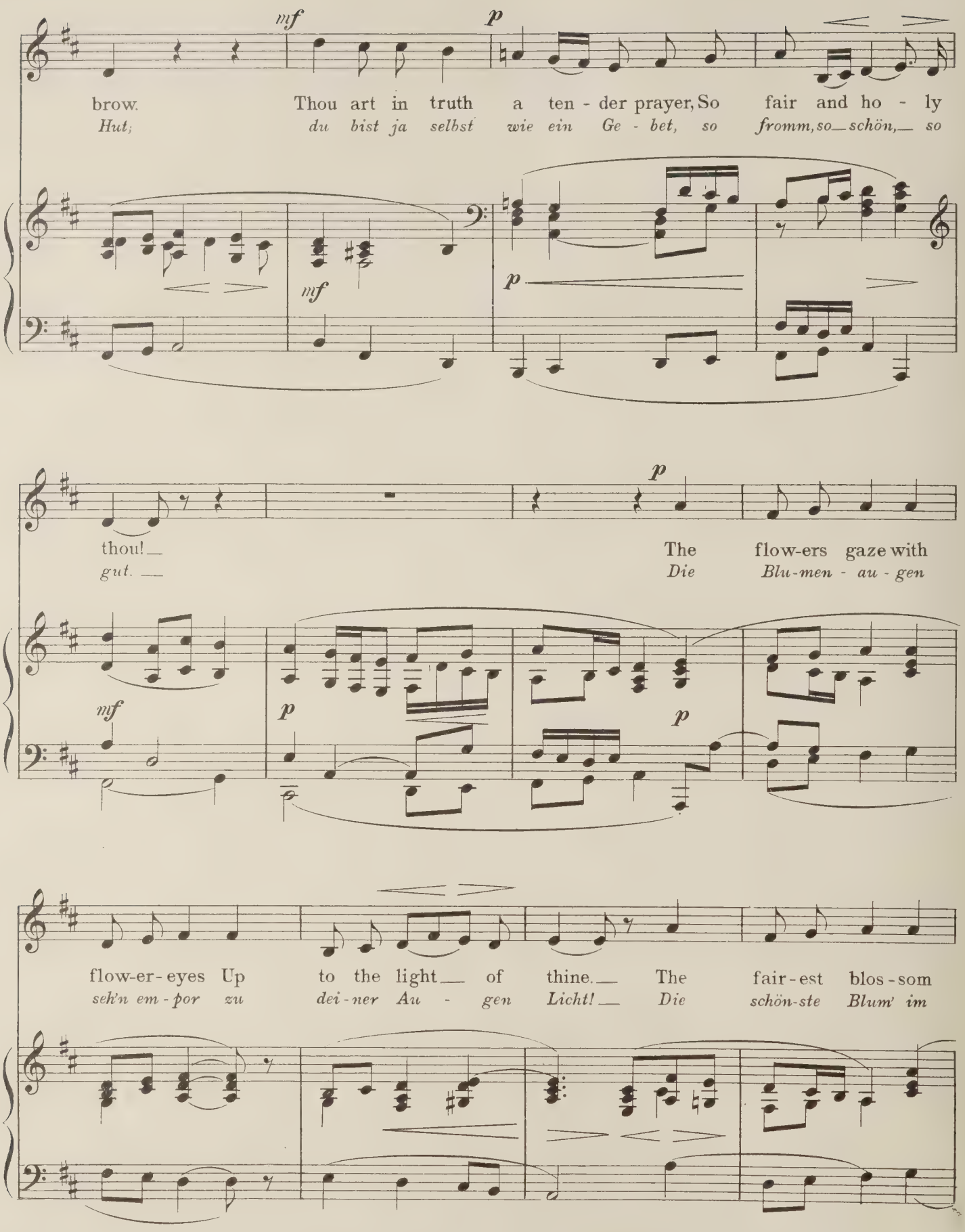

mf
p
brow. Thou art in truth a ten - der prayer, So fair and ho - ly
Hut; du bist ja selbst wie ein Ge - bet, so fromm, so schön, so
mf
p
thou! The flow-ers gaze with
gut. Die Blu-men - au - gen
mf
p
p
flow-er-eyes Up to the light of thine. The fair-est blos-som
seh'n em-por zu dei-ner Au - gen Licht! Die schön-ste Blum' im

'neath the skies Is thine own face di - vine. The ves-per - chimes are
Fen - ster - flor ist doch dein An - ge - sicht. Ihr A - bend - glo - cken

greet - ing thee In sweet-est mel - o - dy! Oh, may no storm
grü - sset sie mit sü - sser Me - lo - die! O brech' der Sturm

mf

p

e'er break the flow'rs, Nor yet thy heart, Ma - rie!
die Blu - men nie und nie dein Herz, Ma - rie!

p *mf* *p*

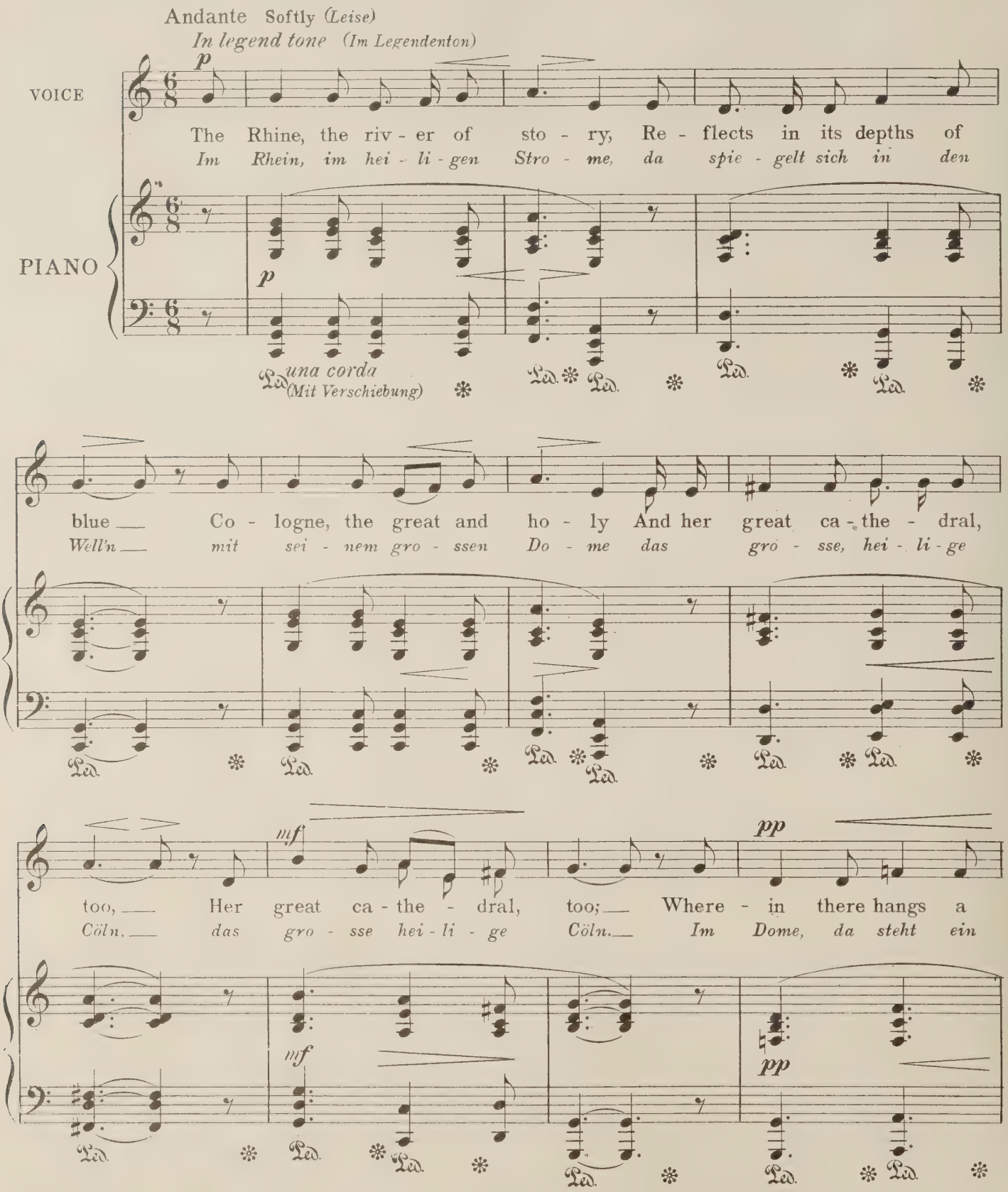
THE RHINE, THE RIVER OF STORY

(IM RHEIN, IM HEILIGEN STROME)

(Original Key, D)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.18, No 2



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Vir - gin With back-ground of paint - ed gold; And, though my life is
Bild - niss, auf gol - de - nem Grun-de ge - malt; in mei - nes Le - bens

cresc. *p*

wild and sad, She smiles from the can - vas old, She smiles from the can - vas
Wild - niss, hat's freund-lich hin - ein - ge - strahlt, hat's freund lich hin - ein - ge -

cresc. *p*

pp

old. Fair flow'rs and Cher - u - bim hov - er A - round the Vir - gin there. Her
strahlt. Es schwe - ben Blu-men und Eng - lein um uns' - re lie - be Frau; die

pp

softly
(leise)

eyes and her lips and her fore - head Re-mind me of those of my fair.
Au - gen, die Lip - pen, die Wäng - lein, die glei - chen der Lieb - sten ge - nau.

pp

To Richard Wagner, the composer of "Lohengrin"

THE SPRING'S BLUE EYES

(DIE BLAUEN FRÜHLINGSAUGEN)

(Original Key, F♯)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 20, No. 1

Allegretto con grazia Light and tender *(Zart und leicht)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

The Spring's blue eyes are look - ing From out the dew - y grass; They are the tim - id vio - lets; I pluck them as I pass. I pluck them, ev - er ich mir zum Strauss er - kor. Ich pflü - cke sie und

Die blau - en Früh - lings - au - gen schau'n aus dem Gras her - vor; das sind die lie - ben Veil - chen, die

con Pedale

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think - ing, And all the hid - den tale,
den - ke, und die Ge - dan - ken all,

Which in my heart is sigh - ing, Sings loud the night - in -
die mir im Her - zen seuf - zen, singt laut die Nach - ti -

gale. Yes, what I'm think - ing sings she With
gall. Ja, was ich den - ke singt sie und

mf

mf

clear and ring - ing tone; 'Till all my ten - der
schmet - tert dass es schallt: mein zärt-lich süss Ge -

se - cret To all the wood is known, To
heim - niss weiss schon der gan - ze Wald, weiss

all the wood is known.
schon der gan - ze Wald.

p

To Johanna Wagner

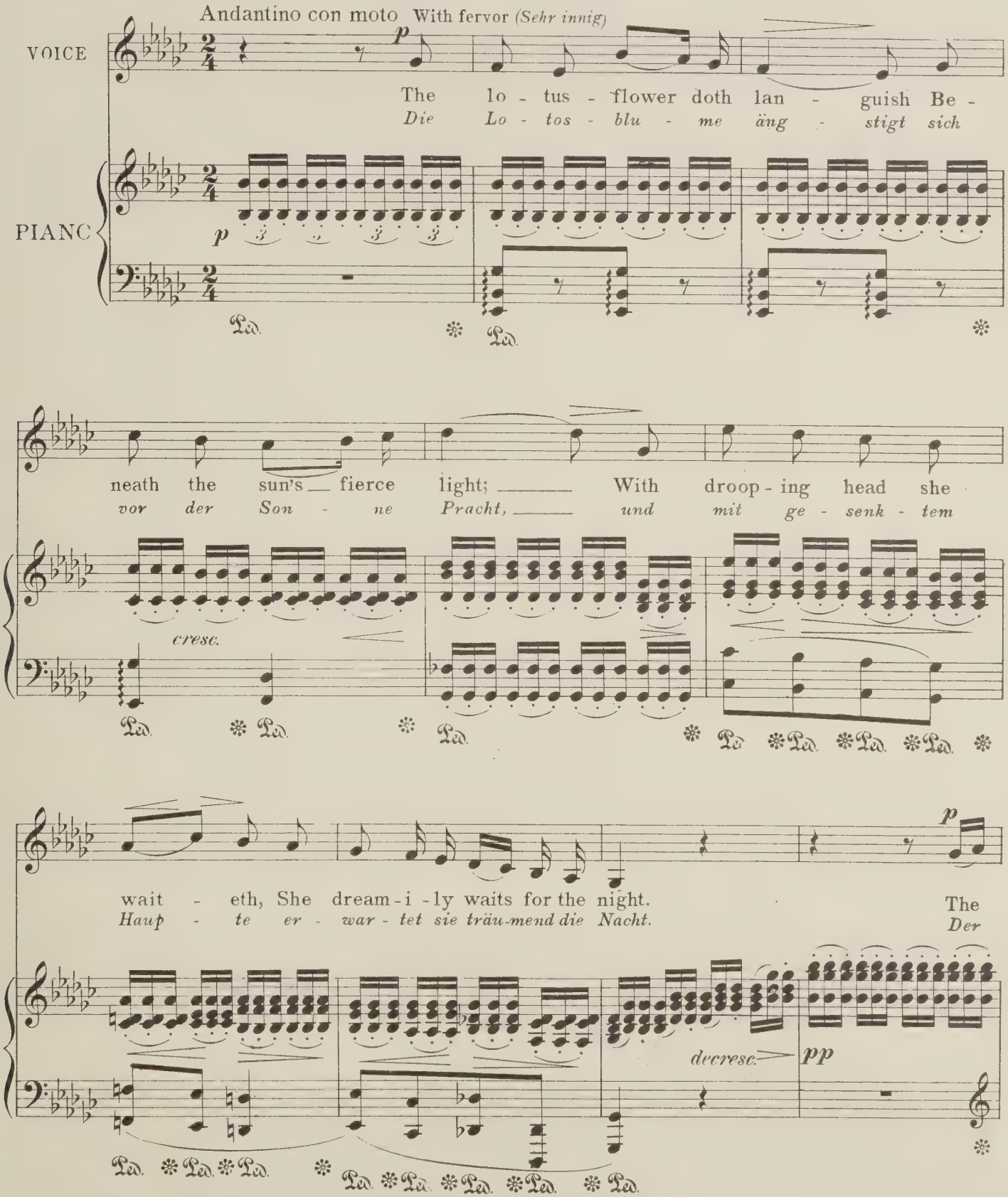
THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

22

(Original Key, G minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No. 1



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moon is her true lov - er; He wakes her with fond em -
Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem

cresc.

brace; For him she glad - ly un - veil - eth Her
Licht, und ihm ent - schlei - ert sie freund - lich ihr

love - ly flow - er - face. She blooms, and glows, and
hol - des Blu - men-ge - sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und

mf

bright - ens, And mute - ly ga - zes a - bove; While
leuch - tet, und star - ret stumm in die Höh'; sie

weep - ing, ex - hal - ing, and trem - bling With love and the pain of
duf - tet und wei - net und zit - tert vor Lie - be und Lie - bes -

cresc.

cresc.

p

love, With love and the pain of love.
weh, vor Lie - be und Lie - bes - weh.

p

pp

O STAR, DECEIVE ME NOT!
(O LÜGE NICHT!)

(Original Key, C)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, № 2

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

A beau-teous star dawns in my gloom - y night, A
Ein schö - ner Stern geht auf in mei - ner Nacht, ein

star that sheds sweet com - fort with its light, Hope of new
Stern, der sü - ssen Trost her - nie - der lacht, und neu - es

life to cheer my lot; O star, de - ceive me not,
Le - ben mir ver - spricht; o lü - ge, lü - ge nicht,

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p p

Oh, mock me not! As to the moon the sea tends
o lü - ge nicht! Gleich wie das Meer dem Mond ent -

p p

Ped. *

end - less - ly, So to thy light up - soars my spir - it
ge - gen - schwillt, so flu - thet mei - ne See - le hoch und

free; By thy mild light I fal - ter not; O star, de -
wild em - por zu Dei - nem mil - den Licht— o lü - ge.

mf mf

ceive me not, Oh, mock me not!
lü - ge nicht, o - lü - ge nicht!

p p

To Johanna Wagner

'TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY
(IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI)

(Original Key, Ab)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 25, No 5

Andantino con grazia

VOICE

PIANO

p

'Twas in the love-ly month of May, When
Im wun-der-schö-nen Mo-nat Mai, als

all the buds were blow-ing, Then first with-in my
al-le Knos-pen spran-gen, da ist in mei-nem

mf

bos-om; Sweet love I found was grow-
Her-zen die Lie-be auf-ge-gan-

cresc.

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ing. 'Twas in the love-ly month of May, When
gen. Im wun-der-schö-nen Mo-nat Mai, als

all the birds were sing - ing; Then came I to my
al - le Vö - gel san - gen, da hab' ich ihr ge -

dar - ling, My love and long - ing bring - - -
stan - den mein Seh - nen und Ver - lan - - -

ing.
gen.

STARS WITH GOLDEN SANDALS
(STERNE MIT DEN GOLD'NEN FÜSSCHEN)

(Original Key, E)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 30, No. 1

Larghetto con grazia

VOICE

PIANO

p

Stars with lit - tle gold - en san-dals, Make your
Ster - ne mit den gold' - nen Füss - chen wan - deln

mf *p*

con Pedale

foot - steps soft and light Lest you wake the earth be -
dro - ben bang und sacht, dass sie nicht die Er - de

p

mf *p*

low you, Sleep-ing in the lap of night.
we - cken, die da schläft im Schooss der Nacht.

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p

Lis - t'ning stand the si - lent for-ests; Like an
Hor - chend steh'n die stum - men Wäl-der, je - des

mf *p*

ear is ev - 'ry leaf, And the moun - tain, dream - ing,
Blatt ein grü - nes Ohr! Und der Berg wie träu - mend

mf *p*

stretch-es Arms of shad - ow o'er the heath.
streckt er sei - nen Schat - ten - arm her - vor.

con anima

mf *p*

Lis-ten yon-der! Wond'rous ring-ing Ech-oing soft-ly

Doch was rief es? In mein Her-ze dringt der Tö-ne

con anima

mf *p*

down the vale! Was it my Be-lov-ed's sing-ing,- Was it

Wie-der-hall. War es der Ge-lieb-ten Stim-me, o-der

but the night-in-gale?

war's die Nach-ti-gall?

p *dim.* *pp*

ROMANCE
(ROMANZE)

(Original Key, F minor)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788 - 1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op 35, No 4

Allegretto con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Where wan - der - ers dare not ven - ture, O'er
Und wo noch kein Wan - d'rer 'gan - gen, hoch

p *mf*

horse and hunt - er rise high The cliffs in the glo - ry of sun - set, Like a
ü - ber Jä - ger und Ross, die Fel - sen im A - bend - roth han - gen als

cresc.

cas - tle in the sky.
wie ein Wol - ken - schloss.

p *dim.* *pp*

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Poco più lento
p dolce

There un-der the bat - tle-ments loft - - y The
Dort zwi-schen den Zin - nen und Spi - - tzen von

wood - nymphs grace - ful - ly throng; Wild
wil - den Nel - ken um - blüht, die

ro - ses bloom a - bout them; They
schö - nen Wald - - frau'n si - - tzen, und

sing to the wind their song.
sin - gen im Wind' ihr Lied.

cresc. e accel. molto

Allegro vivace
molto agitato

The hunts - man looked at the cas - tle; "There
Der Jä - ger schaut nach dem Schlo - sse: die

dwells the maid I a - dore!" He sprang from his ter - ri - fied
dro - ben, das ist mein Lieb! Er sprang von dem scheu - en - den

cresc. *meno* *meno*

char - ger, And lost was he ev - er - more.
Ro - sse und Kei - ner weiss wo er blieb.

rit. *a tempo*

SPRING FESTIVAL
(FRÜHLINGSFEIER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, B♭ minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op.39, No.1

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

mf

This is the spring - tide's mourn - ful feast; A fran - tic con - fu - sion of bloom - ing girls Is rush - ing a - long with fly - ing curls, With cries of de - spair and heav - ing breast: "A - do - nis, A - do - - nis!"

Das ist des Früh - lings trau - ri - ge Lust! Die blüh - en - den Mäd - chen, die wil - de Schaar, die stür - men da - hin, mit flat - tern - dem Haar und Jam - mer - ge - schrei und wo - gen - der Brust: „A - do - nis, A - do - - nis!"

mf

con Pedale

cresc.

cresc.

f

f

mf

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mf

The night sinks down: by torch - es' gleams They search the
Es sinkt die Nacht. Bei Fa - ckel - schein sie su - chen

cresc.

wood on ev' - ry side, That ech - oes fear - ful
hin und her im Wald, der angst - ver - wir - ret

f

far and wide, With weep-ing and laugh-ter, and sob - bing and screams: "A -
wie - der - hallt von Wei - nen und La - chen und Schluch-zen und Schrein: „A -

f

do - nis, A - do - nis!"
do - nis! A - do - nis!"

mf

mf

The mor - tal youth, so won - drous fair, Lies on the
Das wun - der - schö - ne Jüng - lings - bild, es liegt am

ground all pale and dead; His blood has stained the
Bo - den blass und todt, das Blut färbt al - le

cresc.

flow - ers red, And wild la-ment-ing fills the air: "A - do - nis, A -
Blu - men roth, und Kla - ge laut die Luft er-füllt: „A - do - nis! A -

f

do - - nis!"
do - - nis!"

p

pp

THE RUNIC ROCK
(ES RAGT IN'S MEER DER RUNENSTEIN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, C minor)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No 2

Maestoso, ma con moto

VOICE

PIANO

mf

The Ru - nic rock o'er - hangs the sea; There
Es ragt in's Meer der Ru - nen - stein, da

più f

oft I am sit - ting and dream - ing; The salt winds blow, the sea-gulls cry, The
sitz' ich mit mei - nen Träu - men. Es pfeift der Wind, die Mö-ven schrei'n, die

più f

mf

bil - lows are foam - ing and gleam - ing. I've
Wel - len, die wan - dern und schäu - men. Ich

mf

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loved, oh, how man - ya maid - en fair, And man - ya right jol - ly
ha - be ge - liebt manch' schö - nes Kind und man - chen gu - ten Ge -

poco rit. *a tempo*

fel - low. Where are they now? The shrill winds blow, While
sel - len: wo sind sie hin? Es pfeift der Wind, es

poco rit. *a tempo*

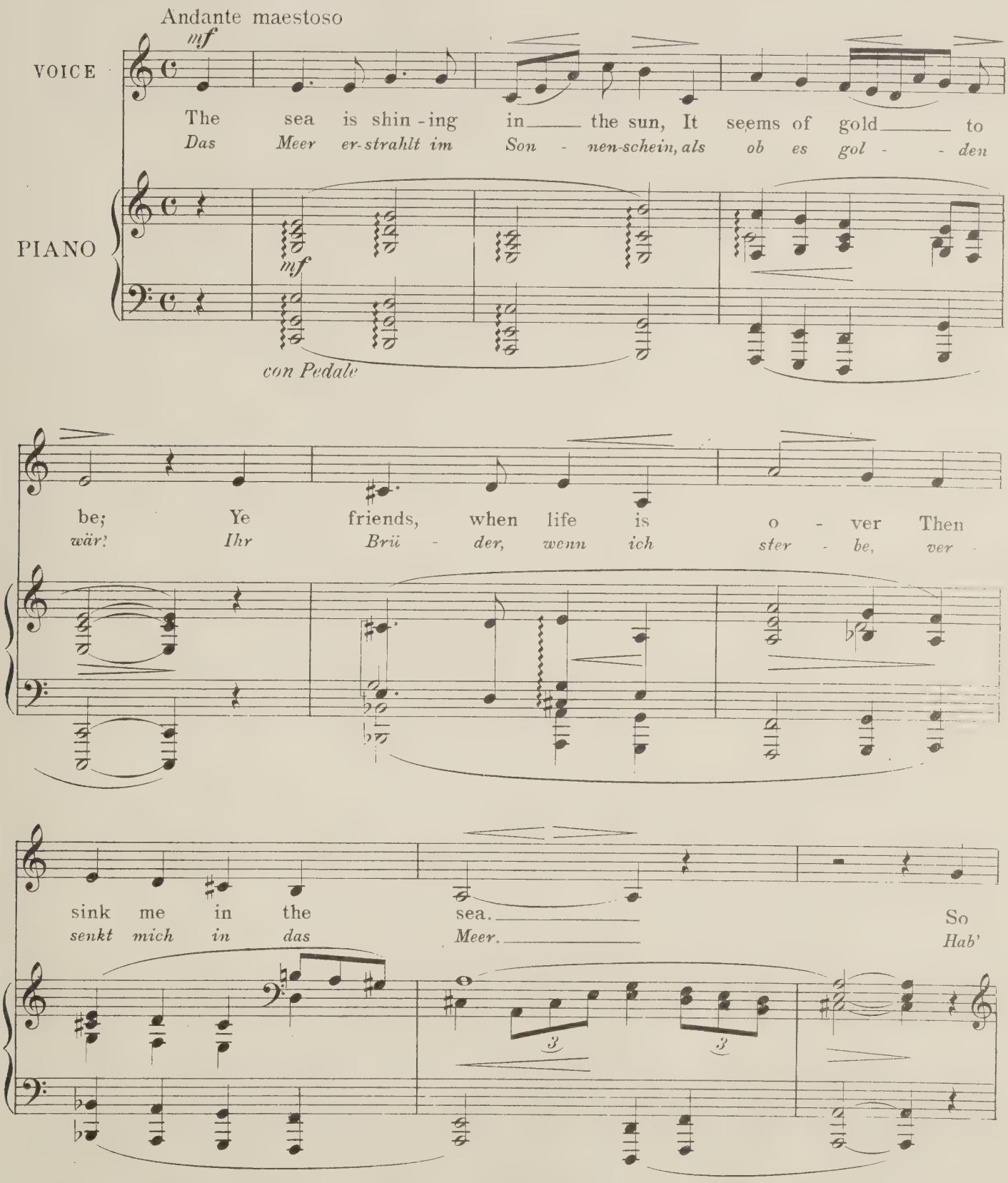
foam crests the wan-der- ing bil - low.
schäu - men und wan - dern die Wel - len.

THE SEA IS SHINING IN THE SUN
(DAS MEER ERSTRAHLT IM SONNENSCHEIN)

(Original Key, E♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, No 3



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dear - ly I al - ways loved the sea, And oft with gen - tle
im - mer das Meer so lieb ge - habt, es hat mit sanf - ter

cresc.

swell Its waves have cooled my glow - ing heart,– We've
Fluth so oft mein Herz ge - küh - let; wir

cresc.

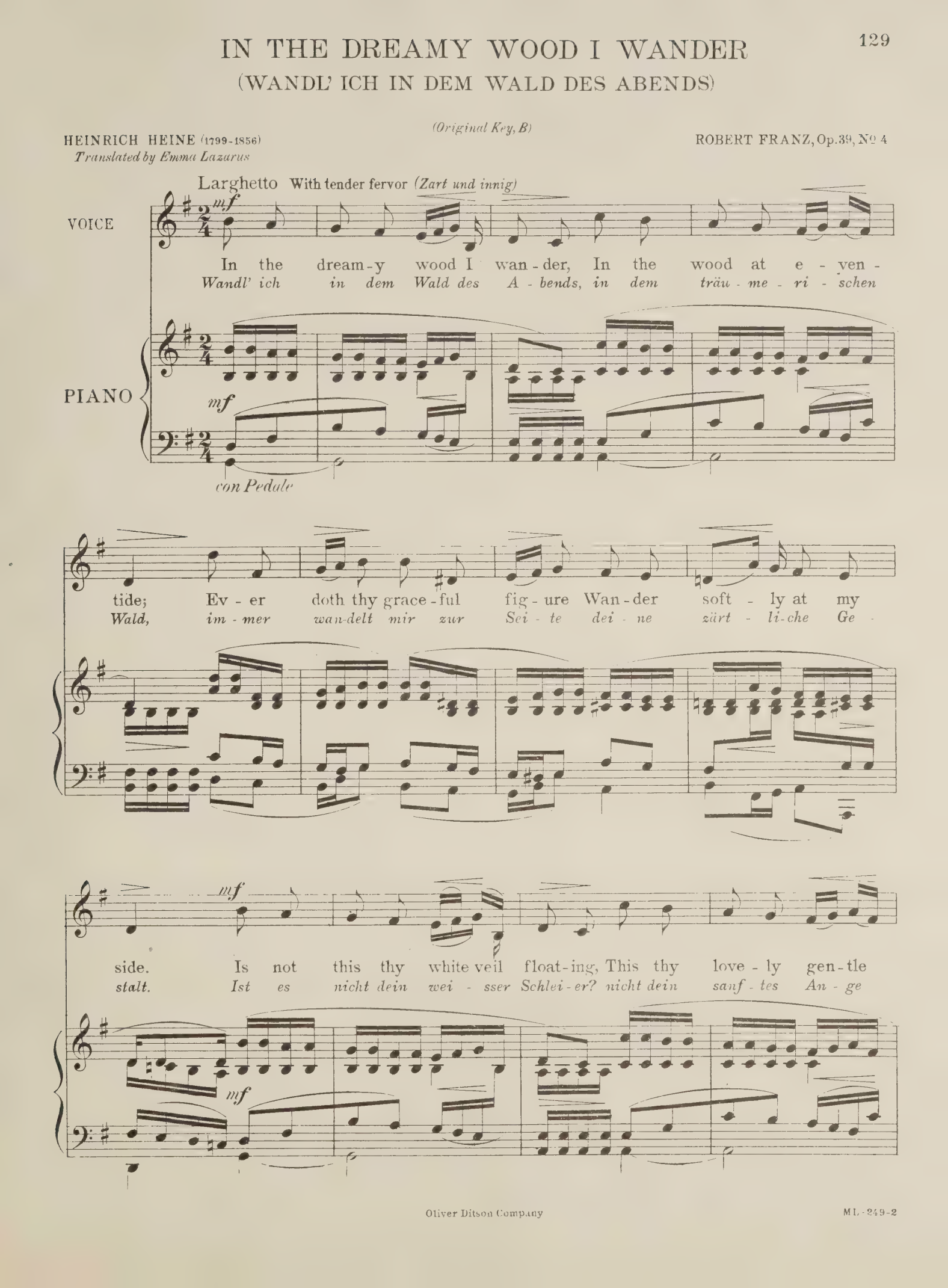
loved one an - oth - er well.
wa - ren ein - an - der gut.

IN THE DREAMY WOOD I WANDER
(WANDL' ICH IN DEM WALD DES ABENDS)

(Original Key, B)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Emma Lazarus

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 39, № 4



face? Is it but_the moon-light break-ing Thro' the gloom - y pine-tops'
sicht? O - der ist_es nur der Mond-schein, der durch Tan - nen-dun-kel

mf

space? Can these tears, so soft - ly flow-ing, Be my ver - y own_ I
*bricht? Sind es mei - ne eig - nen Thrä-nen, die ich lei - se rin - nen_*

mf

cresc. *p* *rit.*

hear, Or art thou, in truth, my dar - ling, Weep - ing by my side so_ near?
hör? O - der gehst du, Lieb - ste, wirk-lich wei - nend ne - ben mir ein - her?

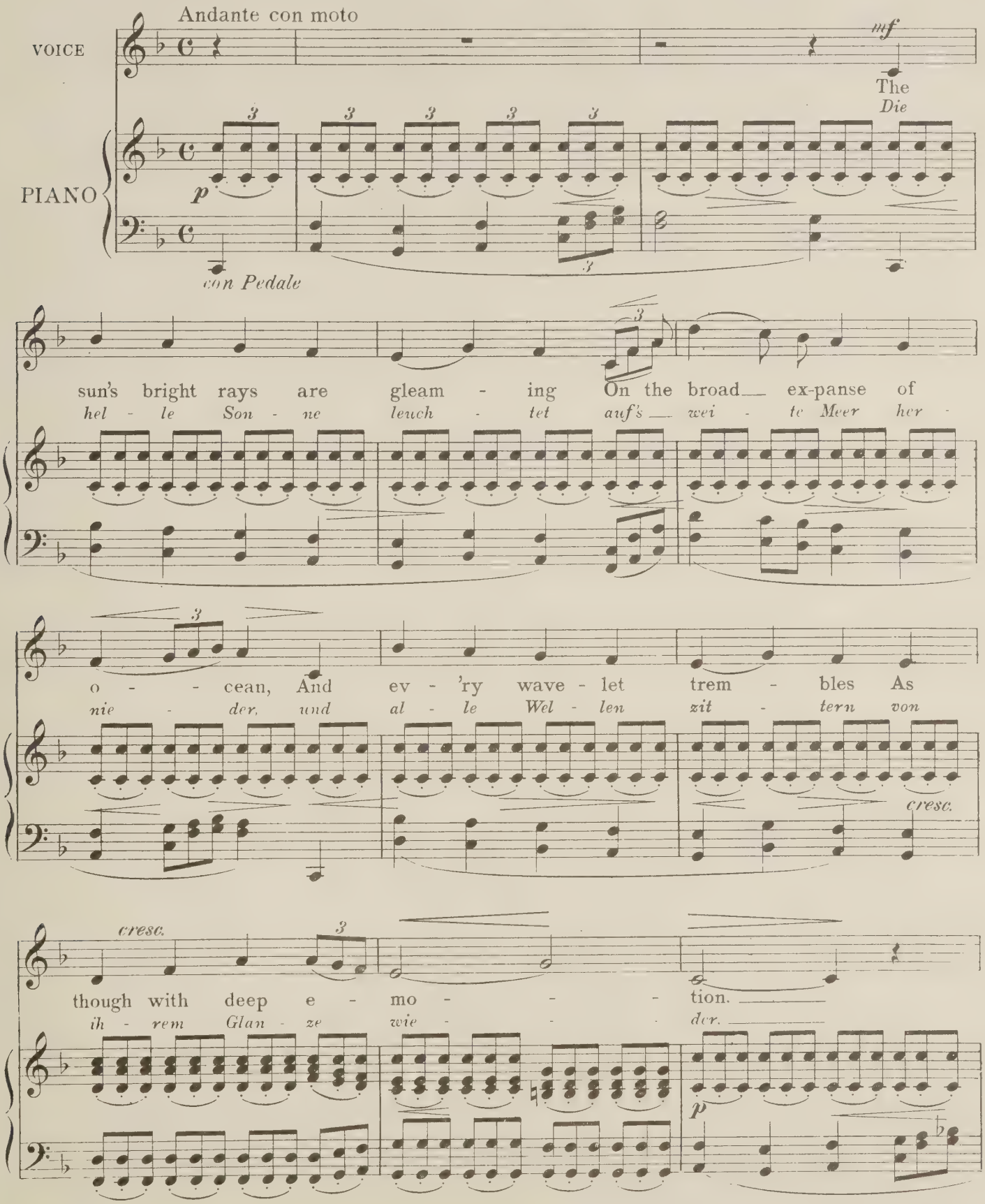
cresc. *p* *rit.*

THE SUN'S BRIGHT RAYS
(DIE HELLE SONNE LEUCHTET)

(Original Key, F♯)

From the Persian of MIRZA SCHAFFY
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 2



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Thou, too, shin-est like the sun - beams; In the
Du spie - gelst dich, wie die Son - ne, im

flood of my heart's out - pour - ing! My songs all glow and
Mee - re mei - ner Lie - der! Sie al - le glüh'n und

trem - ble, Thy ra-diance rare a-dor - - - - -
zit - tern von dei - nem Glan - ze wie -

ing!
der!

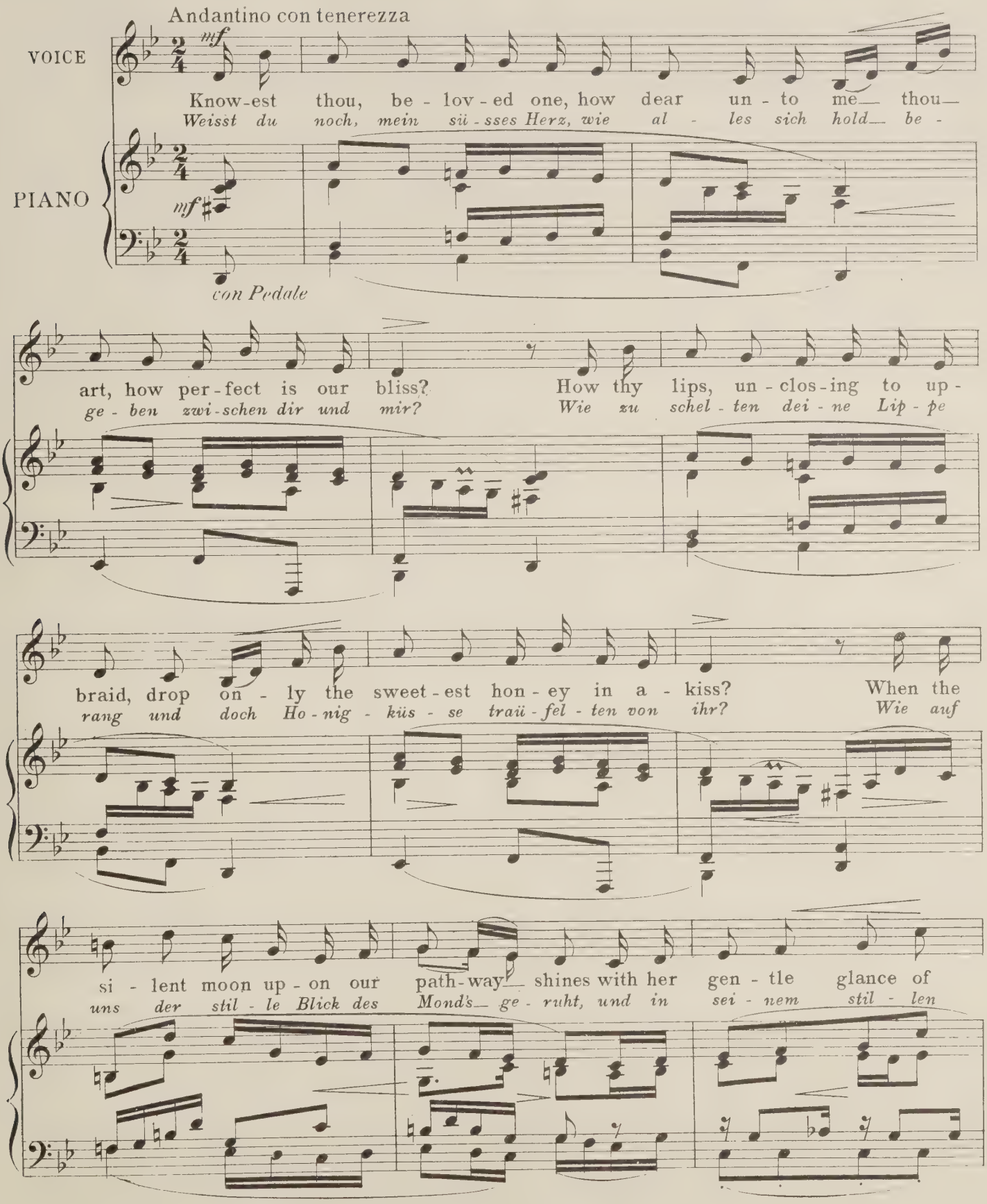
p *dim.*

KNOWEST THOU?
(WEISST DU NOCH?)

(Original Key, C)

From the Persian of HAFIS
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 4



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bless-ing bright, How the gift no mor-tal heart could dream is ours By the
Bli - cke wir! Wie was sich kein gläu - bi - ges Ge - mü - te träumt, uns die

cresc.

grace of heav'n, Love's pure de - light?
Huld des Him - mels schenk - te hier?

cresc.

dolce

p

Know-est thou, be - lov - ed one, how
Weisst du noch, mein sü - sses Herz, wie

p

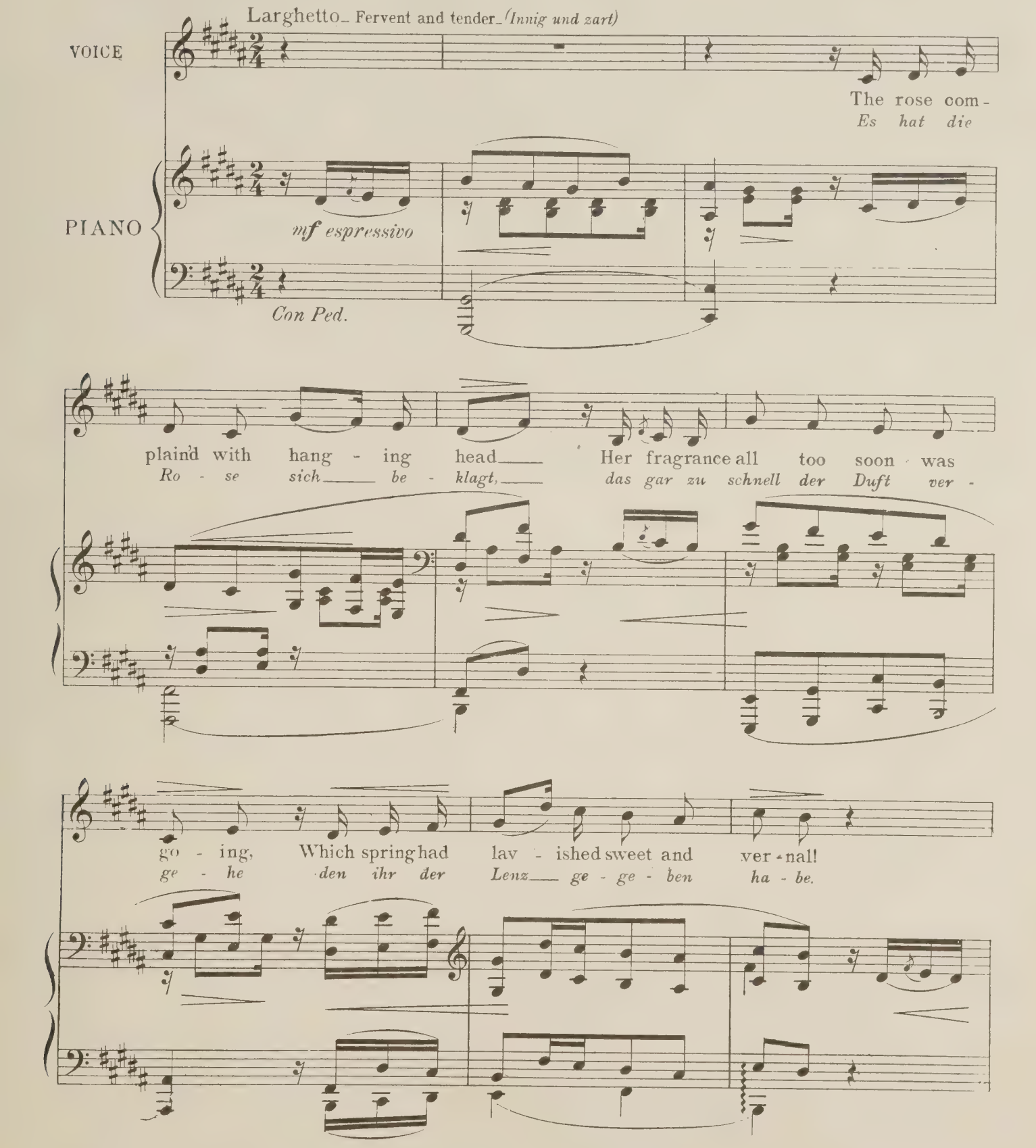
dear un - to me thou art, how per - fect is our bliss?
al - les sich hold be - ge - ben zwi - schen dir und mir?

THE ROSE COMPLAINED
(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
(From the Persian of Mirza Schaffy)
Translated by George L. Osgood

(Original Key, D♭)

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 42, No. 5
(1815-1892)



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To com - fort
Da hab' ich

her, 'twas then I said, Her fra-grance through my songs was
ihr zum Trost ge - sagt, dass er durch mei - ne Lie - der

float - ing, And there would find a life e - ter - nal!
we - he, und dort ein ew' - ges Le - ben ha - be.

p

To Henry S. B. Schlesinger

TRANSFORMATION
(DOPPELWANDLUNG)

(Original Key, G minor)

HOFFMANN von FALLERSLEBEN (1798 - 1874)
Translated by E. S. Willcox

ROBERT FRANZ, Op. 44, No 3

Andantino

VOICE

PIANO

To Spring I said, "O stay thee!" But
Zum Früh-ling sprach ich: wei - le! da

swift he flew a - way. "O Win-ter, fly, I pray thee!"
zog er fort von hier; den Win-ter bat ich: ei - le!

Yet still does Win - ter stay.
er a - ber blieb bei mir.

fervently
(innig)

dim.

Then saw I two suns beam - ing, So mild and lov - ing -
Da schie-nen mir zwei Son - nen so hold und min - nig -

dim.

ly: The melt - ing snows were stream - ing, and
lich: der Schnee er war zer - ron - nen und

dim.

Spring re - turned to me.
Früh - ling ward's um mich.

dim.